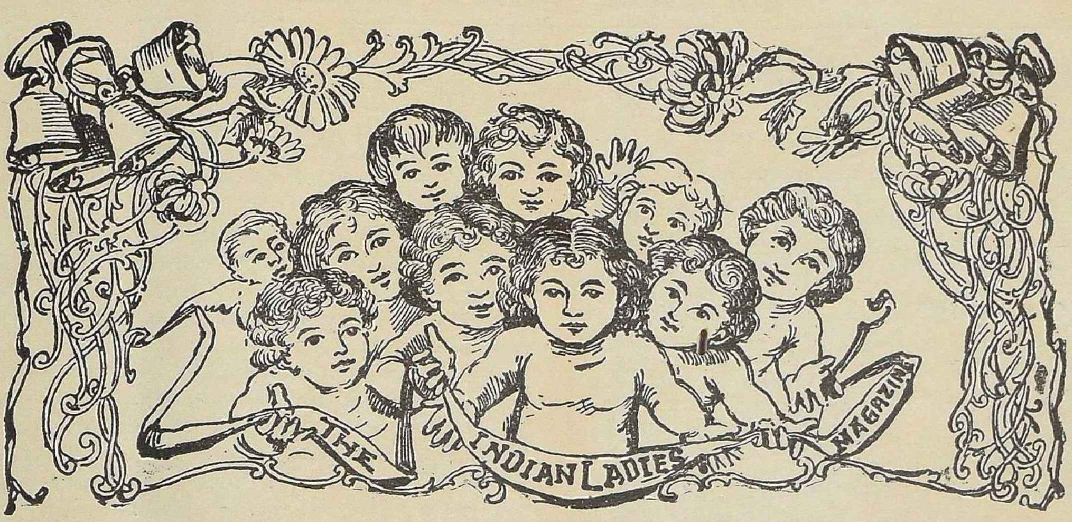
HER EXCELLENCY LADY MINTO.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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LOVE AND DEATH.

" What time the mighty moon was gathering light
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes
When, turning round a cassia, full in view,
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight :
'You must begone,' said Death, 'these walks are mine'
Love wept and spread his shiny vans for flight ;
Yet ere he parted said, 'This hour is thine :
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shades of death ;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all.' "

TENNYSON.

Tennyson's Idyll of the Holy Grail.

By an Indian Lady.

"Anon there came a dove, and in her bill a little censer of gold, and therewithal there was such a savour as if all the spices in the world had been there. So there came a damsel, passing fair and young, and she bare a vessel of gold between her hands."—*Sir Thomas Malory.*

WHAT was the Holy Grail? Tennyson describes it as:

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own."

This was brought, according to the story, by Joseph of Arimathæa, from the "blessed land of Aromat," and kept in a little lonely church at Glastonbury, where for a while it abode, and worked miracles of healing, by its very touch.

"But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappeared."

In the times of King Arthur, a vision of "this holy thing" appears, after great prayer and fasting, to a pure maid, who has become a holy nun:

"Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail:
For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound
As of a silver horn from o'er the hills
Blown, and I thought, 'It is not Arthur's use
To hunt by moonlight'; and the slender sound
As from a distance beyond distance grew
Coming upon me—O never harp nor horn,
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,
Was like that music as it came; and then
Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
With rosy colours leaping on the wall,"

The knights of Arthur also try, by much prayer and fasting, to get a sight of this holy vision, but it appears only to some of them after Galahad, a pure knight, sits in Merlin's chair. The peculiarity of this chair is that

"No man could sit but he should lose himself."

But Galahad turns this to his own advantage.

"If I lose myself, I serve myself!"

Thus, forgetting self, and laying his heart open to outside visions, through him to others also appears the holy sight:

"And all at once, as there we sat, we heard
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And rending, and a blast, and overhead
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
And in the blast there smote along the hall
A beam of light seven times more clear than day:
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
All over covered with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bare it, and it past.
But every knight beheld his fellow's face
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,
And staring, each at other like dumb men,
Stood"

Thereupon many knights, among them Percivale, Galahad, Sir Bors, Lancelot and Gawain, swore a vow that they "would ride a twelvemonth and a day in quest of it, till they found and saw it."

They each set out on the search in his own way. To every one of them almost is a sight of the Holy Grail vouchsafed, but only a sight. Only Sir Galahad gains his object. He goes to the place where the Holy Grail is, and there "he is crowned king far in the spiritual city."

"And first
At once I saw him far on the great sea,
In silver-shining armour starry clear;
And o'er his head the Holy vessel hung
Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud,
And with exceeding swiftness ran the boat,
And when the heavens opened and blazed again
Roaring, I saw him like a silver star—
And had he set the sail, or had the boat
Become a living creature clad with wings?
And o'er his head the Holy vessel hung
Redder than any rose, a joy to me,
For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.
Then in a moment when they blazed again
Opening, I saw the least of little stars
Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star
I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
And gateways in a glory like one pearl—
No larger. tho' the goal of all the saints—
Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot
A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail."

So the Holy Grail disappears and never appears on earth again to human vision.

This is the story of the Holy Grail, as Tennyson gives it, and it is a significant one. A short study of the natures of the searchers, or would-be searchers, after the Holy Grail, will show us a little how different men realise different ideals. It is instructive also to notice how different men fail in their ideals—some through their own fault, but some because an outside duty makes them so fail. To King Arthur not even a first vision of the Grail is granted. To Sir Gawain, a first vision is given, but a second is denied. The other knights have two visions each; but only one obtains the desire of his heart, the winning of the Holy Grail. Now let us see what makes the unsuccessful searchers fail in their search.

King Arthur longs in his heart to join in the search, but he may not, because a higher duty is given him, the guarding of his kingdom. As he himself says:

"And some among you held, that if the king
Had seen the sight he could have sworn the vow:

Not easily, seeing that the king must guard
That which he rules, and is but as the hind
To whom a space of land is given to plow,
Who may not wander from the allotted field
Before his work be done; but, being done,
Let visions of the night or of the day
Come, as they will."

King Arthur may not even see the first vision, for the beauty of the vision may prevent him from giving his whole heart to his duty. But Sir Gawain fails through his own fault. He sees the first vision, but cannot see the second, because he is too indifferent to it. He is too worldly and young and careless; his brother knights calls him reckless and indifferent; and Arthur says he is blind and deaf to holy things. Certainly it is not such as these that can realise lofty and holy ideals.

Among the other searchers, Tennyson gives us the histories of four, Sir Percivale, Sir Bors, Sir Lancelot, and Sir Galahad. The four of these see the two visions, but three of them fail. Why? Lancelot has great courage and prowess; he is brave even to madness; but his heart is drowned in a great sin:

"In me lived a sin
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
And poisonous grew together, each as each
Not to be plucked asunder."

He sees again the Holy Grail

"All palled in crimson samite, and around
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes;"

but the vision is veiled. He is not pure enough to see the full sight.

Sir Bors is "loyal man and true"; he is pure; but he is too faint-hearted,

"He well had been content
Not to have seen,
The Holy cup of healing; and, indeed,
Being so clouded with his grief and love,
Small heart was his after the Holy Quest:
If God would send the vision, well: if not
The Quest and he were in the hands of Heaven."

He is easily thwarted by difficulties; he is sad; he is too doubtful and despairing: "Ask me not, for I may not speak of it," he says. But yet, he sees the vision:

"And then to me, to me,
Beyond all hopes of mine,
Who scarce had prayed or asked it for myself—
Across the seven clear stars—O grace to me—
In colour like the fingers of a hand
Before a burning taper, the sweet Grail
Glided and past, and close upon it pealed
A sharp, quick thunder."

This is not the way in which a man desires to gain his heart-desire. He must strain after it, toil for it, hope for it with an unceasing hope, till he gets it. In fact, Sir Bors is not a man of strenuous action; where another leads he can follow; but in himself he is too faint-hearted, tool ittle ambitious to persist in his search. This is seen in the way he turns back from his quest, when he is released from imprisonment. He is easily thwarted by difficulties. Yet he is good and pure and a gentleman, and very religious.

Sir Percivale sets out bravely on his search, but at the very beginning pride enters into his heart; he thinks of all the great things that he has done. He is too sure and confident of himself. As the holy hermit tells him, he has no true humility:

"O son, thou hast not true humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them all; for what is this,
Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and sins?
Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself."

Then, immediately after his pride, come great doubts of himself. "This Quest is not for me," he thinks. After this, he becomes too imaginative, sees too many visions, which are but false dreams. Then he is drawn aside by earthly pleasures and earthly love. He is not worthy enough for the Holy Grail; but he is a good man, a true knight and to him is granted the vision and also the privilege of seeing his brother knight pass away into his well-earned glory.

Then who is worthy enough for the Holy Grail? The holy nun, who first sees it, is worthy:

"if ever holy maid
With knees of adoration wore the stone,
A holy maid; tho' never maiden flow'd,
With such a fervent flame of human love;
To prayer and praise
She gave herself, to fast and alms."

But she is a nun. She has not got the courage or the enthusiastic daring of a man. She can only think and speak; she cannot do. This is left to Sir Galahad. He it is who succeeds. What are, then, his characteristics?

First, he was the chosen one; the Holy Grail appears because he is there; he hears a cry:

"O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me;"

and the King says:

"for such
As thou art is the vision, not for these."

He must be free to devote himself to one cause, not like Arthur, who had his great duty before him. Then, he had the image of the king on him:

"Every one of you
Stamped with the image of the king."

He is a knight, brave, courageous, skilful in arms, a great warrior; he is full of a great courtesy; he is ever ready to help distress, one of

"Men,
With strength and will to right the wrong'd of power

To lay the sudden heads of violence flat,
Knights that in twelve great battles splashed and dyed
The strong White Horse in his own heathen blood."

But, knight as he is, Galahad cannot now be the knight of the Round Table; he is the knight of one cause alone, devoted to but one vow, the vow of the Holy Grail. So he had to have but one ideal, not to run after many visions. He had to be single-hearted, and live for one hope alone. And, in his one sacred cause, he had a deathless passion and enthusiasm:

"She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind
On him, and he believed in her belief."

And he had the necessary daring in a holy cause; for, to obtain a sight of the Grail, he even sat down in the terrible chair of Merlin. He had the fresh hope of dauntless youth, the hope which dares to imagine impossible things; for he was sure the vision would appear to him if he sat in Merlin's chair. He did great deeds for the sake of his search:

"And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,
And clashed with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,
And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
Came victor.

Above all, he had the utmost faith in his cause, and the utmost faith in God. He never despaired. He had great humility, and yet enough confidence in himself to believe that he would win. "God helps those who help themselves" is the proverb. So Galahad united faith in God with the necessary confidence in himself.

Then again, Galahad lost all thought of self. "If I lose myself, I save myself," he says. He left the world and all the pleasures of the world. Therefore his heart was wholly pure, pure as snow. And with all these, he united the characteristics of the holy nun, who gives him her faith: he loved humankind and tried to do them good; he was charitable, he was ascetic, he adored God and prayed to him. This is the Galahad who wins.

What is the result of the search after the Holy Grail? If it is wrongly followed, the result is that even earthly happiness palls on the unsuccessful searcher. Witness the result on Percivale. He had "beheld the Grail afar off," and yet,

"leaving human wrongs to right themselves,
Cares but to pass into the silent life."

Deserting the maiden that he loves and whom he has won, he passes away into

"the silent life of prayer,
Praise, fast, and alms; and leaving for the cowl
The helmet in an abbey far away
From Camelot, there, and not long after,
Died."

And his life was so pure, that he came to be called, "The Pure."

The holy nun, after she sees the vision, becomes holier still:

"behold her eyes
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness."

The final and the greatest result is on Galahad. He passes away from earth for ever, into the glory beyond, to be "crowned king, far in the spiritual city." So it ever is. True holiness can only be gained in the holy, spiritual beyond. Therefore, before man passes into the world beyond, when his duty is still in this world, his best action would be to imitate the world beyond in the world here; to live a pure life on earth, to make of his earth a heaven.

Romances of the French Throne.

(Pen and ink sketches of famous women).

By Jean Delaire,

Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

II.—FRÉDÉGONDE AND BRUNEHAUT.

If there were any truth in the old Pagan belief, that the souls of the murdered only find rest, when the deed of violence has been avenged, then the troubled spirit of that ill-fated young queen, Galswinthe, would soon have known perfect peace, for her death was the signal of a thirty years' war between men of the same blood—Chilpéric the murderer, and his brother Sigebert, king of Austrasia.*

Sigebert had wedded Brunehaut, Galswinthe's sister, and although the two brothers led their armies one against the other, yet the real struggle

* At the death of Clotaire, sole king of the Franks, his kingdom was divided by his sons into four parts: the kingdoms of Neustria, Austrasia, Burgundy and Aquitania.

was between the two queens, Brunehaut and Frédégonde, the peasant-wife of Chilpéric. Both women were clever, beautiful, daring and ambitious; both were utterly indifferent as to the means employed in the pursuit of their end, . . . Frédégonde's ambition had been a royal crown, and Galswinthe's murder, by placing her on the throne she coveted, had partially satisfied her lust of power. But suddenly an adversary arose in the shape of Brunehaut—Brunehaut who, in Frédégonde's eyes, was doubly hateful because she was of royal birth, proud as befitted the daughter of a long line of kings; and because she was known to look with infinite contempt upon Chilpéric's lowly-born wife. Soon after the body of Galswinthe had been laid in its hastily-dug grave, Sigebert, urged by Brunehaut, declared war on his brother.

Gontran, king of Burgundy,—of all the men of his race the most peaceably inclined—implored his brothers to avoid a civil war, and instead to call on the people, sitting in solemn assembly, to give judgment between the two kings. To this Chilpéric readily consented, for he dreaded his brother's power. The verdict of the people, needless to say, was a lenient one. In expiation of his crime Chilpéric was condemned to hand over to his victim's sister, Brunehaut, the five cities which had been his own *morgengabe* to the murdered woman. Reluctantly the king submitted to this dispossession, and thus for a time the fratricidal war seemed averted; but Chilpéric still hoped to regain, by ruse or violence, the lost cities, and Frédégonde was ever at his side, urging him to acts of hostility towards his brother and his brother's wife.

Some years passed by in latent enmity, when one day, without warning, Chilpéric invaded Sigebert's territory, and the war between the two brothers broke out at last, the more furious for its long delay. Sigebert was not slow to defend himself, and from the first, victory seemed on his side; it was not a mere army, but a veritable horde of Barbarians which the king of Austrasia opposed to the invaders, and in spite of Chilpéric's stubborn resistance and the undoubted bravery of his men, when Sigebert in his turn invaded his brother's kingdom, his march through Neustria was a series of brilliant triumphs, until at last he entered Paris as conqueror, and was proclaimed king by the Neustrian nobles.

Chilpéric's situation was desperate; but Frédégonde saved the kingdom and the king. A murder had placed her on the throne, the murder of an innocent wife; another murder saved this throne from falling into alien hands. Under the pretext of some secret negotiations, she sent two soldiers as emissaries to the victorious Sigebert. He received them in his tent, alone and unarmed, and while he was stooping towards them to hear their whispered message, two poisoned daggers were buried in his side.

This foul deed reversed the situation at one blow: Frédégonde and her party were once more triumphant, while Brunehaut was detained in Paris, a broken-hearted prisoner, her little son in daily danger of his life, her royal treasury in the hands of Chilpéric's men. But in Brunehaut Frédégonde had found a more formidable enemy than she deemed. A hundred times defeated, Brunehaut would a hundred times have risen from the dust and continued the fight. The desire to humble Frédégonde, that peasant-woman who played at being a queen, and by so doing avenge her sister's death, became Brunehaut's leading passion, and led to that long, deadly feud between the two rival queens in which hundreds of innocent men and women became involved and perished miserably.

Brunehaut's first thought had been for the safety of her son. One moonless night, with the help of a faithful follower, from a window in the high tower wherein she was detained, the queen lowered a basket in which the baby prince nestled, undisturbed in his sleep; a trusted servant followed by the same perilous route, and, hiding the child in the folds of his long mantle, carried him in safety to Metz, where the nobles hailed him as their king. The proclamation of the son of Sigebert as king of Austrasia made the murder of his father appear an act of wanton cruelty, and seemed an irreparable defeat of Frédégonde's policy. When, some years later, Frédégonde's step-son, Mérovée, eldest son of Chilpéric and heir to the throne of Neustria, became enamoured of the still beautiful Brunehaut, and boldly declared his intention of taking her to wife, it seemed as if Frédégonde's cup of humiliation was full. In vain Chilpéric tried to interpose his authority as father and as king to prevent the alliance. The young prince secretly married the enemy of his race, and the Bishop of Rouen solemnised their union.

It was then, at the darkest hour of her life, that Frédégonde seemed suddenly to leap to the full possession of her strength, and show herself one of the greatest powers for evil that the world has known. By her order assassins were despatched to Mérovée who, warned of his peril, attempted to fly, but was hunted as a wild beast, run to earth and finally killed as a dog; his friends and supporters were captured one by one and made to perish in unnameable tortures. The priest who had joined in wedlock the hands of Brunehaut and Mérovée—prince of the Church though he was—was stabbed beside the altar, while he celebrated Mass. Yet Frédégonde's lust of blood was not appeased.

Mérovée had left a brother, and his mother, one of Chilpéric's many divorced wives, was still living, though in strict seclusion. Both mother and son were stabbed to death by the ever-ready assassins who like blood-hounds followed in Frédégonde's wake.

By the murder of Mérovée, she had achieved a two-fold end: For the second time she had made a widow of her hated rival, and dealt an almost fatal blow to her power; and she had secured for her own son the succession to the throne of Neustria. The king himself—Chilpéric, that sombre figure of a man relentlessly cruel to all, who stood in his path, yet pliant as wax in the hands of the evil woman whom he so passionately loved—was Frédégonde's next victim.

CHILPERIC.

To all her other sins Frédégonde added that of faithlessness to the man, who had raised her from the estate of servitude to that of royal favourite, from the rank of mistress to that of wife and queen. Landramm, one of the great nobles of the kingdom, was Frédégonde's lover, and the intrigue was discovered by the king in a curious way. Chilpéric was about to start on one of those great hunting expeditions that were the chief amusements of the Frankish kings; before leaving the palace he went to take leave of Frédégonde, and to his surprise saw that the slave-boy, who usually guarded the entrance to the queen's apartments, was absent. The king entered unannounced. In the low vaulted room, dreary in spite of its many Barbaric ornaments, Frédégonde sat by her mirror of polished silver, one of her attendants braiding her long hair with pearls, while another, kneeling on the floor, stitched the hem of her robe with golden thread. For some moments the king stood on the threshold, unperceived of the women, then, advancing noiselessly until he stood close to his wife, he suddenly clapped his hands on her bare shoulders. Without turning, the queen gave vent to an exclamation of annoyance: "O Landramm," she cried peevishly, "thou art always seeking to frighten me!" The silence, which followed her words was ominous, and the dismayed glances of her waiting-women must have half revealed the truth to the queen. With perhaps the only movement of fear this strange woman had ever known, she slowly turned round, and her eyes met those of the king. For some seconds they gazed at each other thus, in pregnant silence—

FREDEGONDE IN HER OLD AGE.

man and wife, accomplices in crime, with the same innocent blood-staining their hands, the same ghosts of murdered victims haunting their footsteps. . . Still they gazed into each other's eyes, and the silence around them became heavy as a burden. Then suddenly the king gave a short, terrible laugh, and turning on his heels, strode out of the room.

He was abroad all day, hunting the bear and the wild boar, and riding his favourite horse almost to death. But Frédégonde remained at home with her thoughts.

It was late at night when Chilpéric returned from the hunt. In the semi-obscurity of the inner court, as he was about to dismount, a tall shape leapt from the darkness and dealt him a fatal blow. The king reeled from his horse, and, muttering a few indistinct words, died in the arms of his officers.

A loud wail was raised among the inmates of the palace, when the lifeless body of the king was carried into the lower hall, and soon Frédégonde appeared, tearing her hair in frantic grief, and calling on all the men present to help her avenge this deed of blood on the one who doubtless had inspired it, Brunehaut, the enemy of all her race. . . And the men, officers and soldiers, all eager for a fight, promised loudly to shed blood for blood, calling on the name of Queen Brunehaut with menaces and imprecations. But those who had been nearest to the king when the dark shape had dealt its blow,—perhaps the king himself, who now stared upwards with glassy eyes—had recognised in the assassin one of Frédégonde's most trusted servants.

. . . .

By the death of the king, Frédégonde became regent of the Kingdom, over which her young son now reigned under the name of Clotaire II. For three years there was comparative peace in the land, until the son of Brunehaut, urged by his mother, declared war on Clotaire, invading the Neustrian territory at the head of a formidable army. He was defeated by Landramm, the lover of Frédégonde and one of the cleverest soldiers of his day. After this another three years passed in a peace that was on both sides, but an ill-concealed preparation for war, until one day the Austrasian army once more attacked the Neustrians. Once more they were defeated, and Frédégonde, ill at the time and on the point of death, saw the triumph of her troops ere for the last time she closed her eyes on earthly scenes.

Her death did not end the fierce struggle between the rival kingdoms: Once again Brunehaut renewed the fight, and for another ten years this wonderful woman found men and money with which to prolong the war. At last victory seemed to rest with her troops: Paris was in the hands of her army, and Clotaire II, the son of Frédégonde, stood in imminent danger of capture and death. He escaped through the weakness of one of the Austrasian leaders, and thus the vengeance for which Brunehaut had thirsted during so many years of struggle and bloodshed, escaped her at the last. Still the indomitable woman did not despair, but gathering together a vast horde of men of all nations, she prepared to march for the third time against her dead enemy's son, Clotaire.

Brunehaut was not a noble woman; like Frédégonde, she had often stooped to base means to gain her end, and like her rival she had shed the blood of men like water. Yet she was a cultured woman, intellectually far ahead of her time, and her avowed object in life—vengeance for her sister's cruel death—invested all her struggles with a certain wild grandeur of their own. Not unmoved, therefore, can one recall her tragic end, and the final defeat of her cause: On the eve of battle, Brunehaut was betrayed by an officer of her palace, and sold to Clotaire II, king of Neustria.

The black soul of Frédégonde, his mother, must have inspired the king when he decided the fate of his royal captive. For three days he abandoned this woman-daughter, wife and mother of kings—to the insults of his soldiery; on the fourth day he ordered her to be bound to the tail of the fiercest stallion in the royal stables, and with fiendish glee watched the animal start on his mad career, dragging after him the hapless victim, whose body was soon scattered in shreds on the roadside.

Brunehaut's four grandsons, heirs to the throne of Neustria, were cruelly put to death, and—alas for "poetic justice"!—the son of Frédégonde, delivered of all his enemies, reigned for many years as sole king of the Franks.

Some Thoughts on the Life of Charlotte Bronte.*

By Mrs. Benson.

"WHO was Charlotte Brönte?" I can hear, asked in many a Hindu Home, as the readers turn over the pages of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine.* And to the answer "An English lady novelist, who lived a retired lonely life with her father and sisters in the cold north of England." I seem still to hear the remark, "What is the good of telling us about her, how can her life influence ours?" Yet I think, when you have read about her life, you will recognize the fact that whether we live in the cold north, in the far off west of our Hemisphere or in the sunny south of India, the same trials and sorrows and difficulties befall us here as there; and the story of the industry, brave endurance, and high-minded purity of the

* Written for the Maharani Magazine.

life of Charlotte Brönte may act as a nerve tonic to many a Hindu girl who has to face loneliness, the loss of beloved sisters and friends, and may be the knowledge of the sinful lives of some of her relatives. The story should also help to remove the ignorance and prejudice against a woman being able to use her brains for the benefit of herself and family by writing books, if God has given her the power and faculty for doing so. For, successful and popular authoress as she was Charlotte Brönte was nevertheless a skillful cook, an exquisitely neat and beautiful needlewoman, and remained in her home a gentle, modest, retiring woman, shy and quiet.

The life of Charlotte Brönte was a very sad one. Her family was very poor and delicate in health. Her mother died when she was young. They lived in an ugly country, bleak and cold and desolate, and she and her sisters had none of the merry childhood, the joyous holidays and seaside trips, the gatherings of relations and friends that illumines the lives of so many hundreds of English children.

Her life was lived in the shade all through and only varied by being more deeply shadowed over from time to time. How did she bear it? and what did she do? She never despaired, but, putting aside thoughts of happiness for herself, she worked for her home and her sisters, and for the poor and suffering in the neighbourhood. She did not sit idly moaning and groaning over her hard lot, but worked at self-culture each day and every day, improving the active mind God had given her, and striving to live a noble useful life, doing cheerfully her daily duties of cooking, sewing, housework and writing. Her life, now that it is over and gone, shines like a bright light in a dark place, and its beams are reaching even to India. Cannot Hindu women and girls, who are lonely and sad, learn braveness and cheerfulness, and an earnest heed to their daily duties from Charlotte Brönte? Cannot they learn from her to cultivate in the quietude of their schools and their own homes the gifts of mind given to them by the Creator, and to do their utmost to turn them to good account? Like her, cannot they be kind and generous to the sick and suffering and poor in their neighbourhood? and if, in the family there are those who shock them by their evil sinful lives, can they not be like Charlotte Brönte and refrain from scolding and abuse, and by gentleness and kindness and the bright example of a sinless life try and win them from their evil ways? One of our holy writers has said "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." You cannot rise from reading of the life of one so pure and mentally lovely as Charlotte Brönte without being the better for it.

The thought of her refinement of speech and thought should help to check any flood of coarse gossip, or violence of speech. The thought of her industry should act as a stimulus to cease spending long hours of idleness after the house work is over, and to turn your thoughts to the task of self-culture, of how to be better wives and mothers, and how to train your children to be obedient and self-controlled, and truthful. All this is very difficult and requires much method, thought and effort; it cannot be achieved by house work alone. You can be helped by the experience of former generations in your own and other lands, but in order to reap the benefit of their advice and experience you must be able to read their writings, and for that you must study. Do not think that, because the tale is of another nation and another country, therefore it has no interest for or connection with you. The great Creator has made all nations, and all are His children in the great school of the world. Some are further on in the lessons than others, there are many classes in the school, but all have to learn the same lesson, and that is how to live good lives and do the best with the talents given to each by the Great Master. The true story of the life of a really good and noble pupil in this great school cannot but help other poor students, who are struggling with the same lessons, and encourage them to take heart and try to succeed as she succeeded.

The late Mrs. Datta of Lahore.

SHORUTH MOHINI, daughter of the late Dr. Rama Charan Bose, was born in Calcutta on the 13th of November, 1852.

She had a unique character and personality and, with the natural gifts she had, she was able to do much good to the women among whom she lived. From the time that she was seventeen to the time of her father's second marriage, she had to take care of her three little sisters at home. After that she took work with the S. P. G. Mission, and worked for five years amongst the poorer Christian families, with great success.

She was of great benefit also to her non-Christian sisters. Both amongst the Hindus and Muhammadans she made many good friends amongst the families of the educated classes

and the last years of her life were spent in active Christian work among them.

In 1874 she was married to Mr. Nobo Gopal Datta, and they settled down in Peshawar. Owing to the bigotry prevailing among the Muhammadans she could do no active Christian work. In 1886 Mr. Datta died and Mrs. Datta came with her three little children to live at Lahore with her sister, Miss Bose. From this time her time was filled with service among Christians and non-Christians, service rendered fully and freely and which brought its own sweet reward in the deep love and attachment of her pupils, friends and fellow-workers.

Mrs. Datta took great interest in the ladies' parties, which were held for the *Purdah-nashin* ladies. Lady Rivaz gave several *Purdah* parties at Government House and she depended upon Mrs. Datta and Miss Bose to help her in receiving and entertaining guests. It was the same at the entertainments given by the Punjab Association and also at the parties given by Muhammadan ladies; Mrs. Datta was indispensable.

Mrs. Datta's sudden death has caused a great gap in the Indian Christian community and her loss will be much felt among her friends and fellowworkers.

We publish a short tribute to her memory by an Indian Christian friend, taken from the Punjab Mission News:

Our personal acquaintance with Mrs. Datta extends over a period of the past nine years. During this time we had met her under different circumstances and at various places at home and abroad, at Church and in social entertainments, in prayer meetings and at dinner parties, at weddings and in the graveyard, and best of all in quiet face to face talks, sometimes lasting for hours, and on various subjects pertaining to the affairs of this life and the life to come, and we came to regard her with increasing esteem and admiration. As we do not intend making this an historical note on the life of the departed one, we shall adopt the plan of mentioning a few traits of her character, which were helpful to us, and to others during her life-time, and which will continue to be serviceable after her death, through the memory of her life.

First and foremost, we would mention her characteristic habit of deep and heart-winning sympathy with inquirers, sympathy with converts, with the afflicted, with the sick. From personal experience as well as from the accounts of others, we can testify that no disciple of the Master known to us could enter into the thoughts, the troubles, the bereavements of a convert with greater realisation than could this handmaid of God, in dealing with converts so differently brought up, and in many respects as widely dissimilar as possible. There was something in the look, in the very expression of the face and the movement of the lips that dropped sympathetic words, which convinced the suffering and the afflicted, that there was a heart to feel for affliction, and which evinced a life itself trained and disciplined in that best of all schools, the school of sorrow and sickness, trial and suffering. She could also sympathise with you in the deepest longings and aspirations of your soul. There is no consolation and joy so great as that which comes from the harmony of two souls in their hopes and aspirations and ideals, and we know of no lady, European or Indian, before whom one could speak more unreservedly about one's highest concerns and with more assurance, that everything would be understood, appreciated and interpreted in the most charitable light.

Next, we should mention that jewel of a Christian character, the very essence of the character of Christ Himself, *viz.*, a profound regard and a worshipful veneration for humanity as such, which manifested itself in her treatment toward Christian and non-Christian alike. What you think a man to be that he will endeavour to be like, and the profoundly respectful attitude of one who seems to live so close to God, cannot but create a measure of self-esteem in you and fill you with a sense of the dignity of humanity, which is such an important requirement for nobleness of character. Mrs. Datta's regard for her friends was unchangeable, and that is a truly divine attribute. No calumny or scandal seemed to reach her, and if it did reach her she was above such scandals and gossip. She was one who looked for good qualities in every person and found them, and having found them she continued to have faith in them. "He is the same, yesterday and to-day and for ever," and one wishes there were more Christians of this type who are not like changeable weather, but can always be depended upon.

Time would not allow of our dwelling at length upon the virtues of this saintly soul, and we shall only summarily mention some of the other noble qualities in her character.

Her life was characterised with that devotion to the one cause of her life, and that subordination of everything else to that one cause which gave a unity to her whole life. There was a plainness and foresight visible in all her conduct and actions.

Her's seemed to be a life of perfect self-control. There was never agitation or excitement visible on that face, which always wore the serene, calm and dignified look, that is said to have become stamped on that face at the time of death. We could have a greater insight into the secret of this self-possession and complete

mastery over self, from those more intimately acquainted with her inner life and habits.

She was a unique model of culture and refinement, a pioneer of civilisation, who wonderfully succeeded in introducing some advanced ways and customs even into the naturally conservative non-Christian Indian homes. One would not, as a rule, be in favour of such external embellishments without the life which should underlie them and naturally prompt them. And, alas! how often do they only serve as so many cumbrances, so many shackles and burdens in the way of simpler and higher lives. What bondage, what slavery, what dwarfing of life results from them. But in Mrs. Datta we found a rare freedom of soul, a rising up free and victorious over these supplements of life, a freedom from being "careful and troubled about many things," a freedom from "being cumbered with much serving," an answer to the prayer that they may be "in the world and yet not of it." She once said to her sister and her children that she loved very few people, and yet when it came to details, the circle of those who shared her love and regard included almost everybody.

We must not forget to add that Mrs. Datta was a lady of the highest literary taste. She has often suggested to her friends the study of books of the greatest merit, has kept such books in mind and made presents of them when a fit opportunity offered itself, and of her own accord lent her own books to friends for study. In this connection, we are also reminded of how far she was mindful of her word, fulfilling her promises and engagements with great exactness, a trait of character in which many Indians are sadly deficient.

We cannot also but refer to the fact which might even be taken for granted, that she was a woman of prayer. At a dinner party after the dinner was over, the host with some hesitation and doubting the propriety of the act asked her to lead in prayer, and she was ready for it and prayed so meekly, tenderly and effectively, as though prayer was her breath. Even her words in ordinary conversation would appear to drop as in accents of prayer, as though she were conscious all the time of the presence of the Supreme Being, Whom she saw none the less in the person to whom she would be talking.

Lastly, Mrs. Datta was a cosmopolitan—a Christian. She seemed to be all in all for everybody. The younger people would experience in her treatment a motherly tenderness, the older ones found in her a sister in sympathy. She would so whole-heartedly give herself to every person that each one would suppose he was the only person for whom she had a regard. Indian Christians, European missionaries, and even non-Christians, each one would believe she was all in all for them only. Is not that a beautiful character? One seemed to realise in her the truth of the Bible verse: "In Him there is no Greek, nor Barbarian, no bondman nor free man, no man nor woman." All in Him are One.

The loss sustained in Mrs. Datta's death by all her friends is such as cannot be over-estimated. The Indian Christian community here has lost its most spiritual-minded mother and sister, and its most cultured and advanced member. The educated non-Christian community has lost the best mediator between themselves and Christians, and the Missionary community have lost their best ideal of Indian Christian womanhood, for which they are labouring in this country, and the sight of which has not only encouraged them in their work but supplied them with an inspiration such as had not been realised before.

While regretting the loss to us of this esteemed servant of God, and deeply sympathising with her worthy sisters, daughters and son, in their irreparable loss, we have also cause to bless and thank God for the life she has lived and the example she has left behind, for them and for us all to follow the example of a noble consecrated Christian life, worthy of the Master Whose faithful follower she was.

THE DAFFODILS.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line.
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SLUMBER SONG FOR SUNALINI.

(Written to a Bengali tune.)

1.

Where the golden glowing
Champak buds are blowing
By the silver-flowing streams,
There, when day is dying,
There are fairies flying,
Scattering a cloud of dreams.

2.

Slumber-spirits winging
Thro' the forest singing,
Flutter hither, bringing soon
Baby-visions sheeny
For my Sunalini—
Hush thee, mother's pretty moon!

3.

Sweet, the saints shall bless thee,
Hush, mine arms caress thee,
Hush, my heart doth press thee, sleep
Till the red dawn dances,
Breaking thy soft trances,
Sleep, my Sunalini sleep.

Sarojini Naidu.

About Burmese Doctors.

THEY are called *Sayahs*. But many others are called *Sayahs* also. Schoolmasters, carpenters, blacksmiths, goldsmiths, boatmen, cartmen, and in fact all artisans. If a little flattery appears necessary it is furnished by adding the syllable *gyi* to the word when addressing the person, *Sayah gyi* or great *Sayah*. Many years ago I was in a forgotten part of Upper Burma, not through inclination, but of necessity. I had not up to then had much to do with the Burmese, but my real acquaintance with them began there. I made discoveries and I may add am still making them with regard to this people. Sickness of course, as all intelligent people are aware, is due to one of a few causes. It must be due to the influence of *nāts*, evil spirits or good spirits,—it depends very much on the consequences of the influence to give a good or bad character to the *nāt*—the star under which the patient was born, or the enmity of some one, who has been employing charms to cause the sickness. The doctor is generally an old man. The skin on his face is twisted and puckered with wrinkles attributed to great learning, but which ignorant foreigners put down to old age. He looks wise. Solomon in all his glory would take a back seat with a Burmese *Sai Saya* or "medicine master" in the same room. The patient is generally surrounded by his or her relations from the latest born to the hag who ought to have been decently buried twenty years ago—according to your ideas on the subject. The patient is on a mat on the bamboo floor. The bamboo floor consists of slats of bamboo half an inch in width and 8 feet or more in length joined together with cane or bamboo peelings. The room might be over a stable or cow-house and as may be surmised a good deal of effluvia finds its way to the roof through the flooring and living room. It might happen that the patient is under a mosquito curtain of thick longcloth, in that case your ignorance should not be shocked to find that besides being filthy it wafts a varied perfume of decayed fish, *thanaka*—a sort of wood-paste and rancid oil whenever the patient stirs its folds from inside. Pardon the error, it would not be the patient alone under the curtain, he would have his wife, a stray child or two, his mother and perhaps a brother or sister to watch him. They are all huddled under the curtain and are all talking cheerfully of how Mah Su's son-in-law's sister's fourth cousin suffered from the same complaint and how such and such a *Sayah* was called in and what the *Sayah* said and did and thought. The patient is kept lively. Perhaps his mother is smoking a big *Seleh* or cigar under the curtain and if anything, it adds to the various smells the patient inhales. There is a lull in the conversation outside the curtain. Mg Po's (the patient's) youngest child raises the curtain and looks out. "The *Sayah* has come. The *Sayah* has come." There is a bustle in the room. The *Sayah* steps in without a word. He puts down his umbrella and a slate he carries. He goes to the corner of the room where a pot of water with half a cocoanut shell next to it lies. He drinks. You know it because you must hear him unless born deaf. He gargles his throat and mouth with audible force. He comes into the group who have now gathered from all about the room round one side of the mosquito curtain, the one that gives exit and entrance. Some neighbours have also come in. The *Sayah* is in his glory! Where is Solomon now? The *Sayah* is not unaware of his own importance. He has already primed himself at the expense of a garrulous beldame with the symptoms of his patient's disease. But he never hurries. Not he. He takes the betel box on his knee, draws the spittoon to him, and takes a chew. Never a word has he uttered. The crowd round the curtain divide. The *Sayah* raises the curtain, which his first movement towards it has caused to be dropped. He seats himself half in and half out of the curtain. *Then* he speaks. On one memorable occasion the *Sayah's* dictum was terse and to the point He looked at the patient and simply said, "He will die." And he died. It established the *Sayah's* reputation once and forever as a prophet of evil. He was never called in again by any one else in the village. The *Sayah* happened to be the Civil Surgeon of the district. But this is a digression. The Burmese *Sai Sayah* is much more deliberate in his utterances. "What day and month was he born on?" A wild tumult immediately ensues. The patient's mother, father, wife, mother-in-law and everyone else joins in the discussion. They cannot agree. As a last resource the patient is consulted. The patient murmurs something, his cousin's step-mother ejaculates, "I told you so!" The rest are abashed. The day and date are repeated to the *Sayah*. He takes his slate and draws crosses, stars, and cabalistic signs thereon. Everyone holds his breath. The *Sayah* is calculating. "Remove him to the south-west corner of the room and take of betel, champak flowers, candles, and cakes and make an offering to the north-east. He will not die. Tie this round his left wrist, and rub this on his tongue. What? You may give him rice and nga pi; no pork, beef, or fish." He goes back to the middle of the room, takes a big chew of betel and walks out of the house followed by a young man with a bundle. It is the *Sayah's* fee. A

rupee or two perhaps with some cloth and may be some fruit and betel. All tongues are let loose. Hasn't the *Sayah* said the patient will not die? The doctor has left a tiny, tiny cylinder of tin, perish the idea! Silver, it is duly tied to the patient's wrist with a piece of thread. A powder that has the unmistakable taste of salt is rubbed on his tongue. He is given something to eat. He will certainly recover—unless the *nâts,* blame them! interfere and he dies. But I recall one instance where the patient died in spite of ten *Sai Sayahs* from Mandalay and other places. Most unfortunately I was in a way connected with the unhappy cause of the patient's death. It was about two years after I got to that place in Upper Burma. A friend of mine had given me a fiery little bull terrier-monster dog or *kwébeeloo,* as the Burmese call bull dogs. He was a very companionable little chap but morose like all his breed. I never really knew if I had ever secured his affection. But there was no questioning his love of sport. He was an ardent little sportsman, his legitimate game being rats, pi dogs, and poultry. He was of no use whatever as a watch dog. People might come and go freely within the radius of his chain when tied, or through the house when he was loose, but he would never so much as wink an eyelash. He enjoyed playing with children. But there was one little chap of about ten who would have nothing to do with "spotted eye," the rat-fancier. This child was the only son of the wealthiest man in the village. The boy had attendants with him always because a fortune-teller had predicted some misfortune about him during his tenth year. I can vouch for this because the fortune-teller, who was an Albino, said this in my presence eight months previous to what I am about to relate, and strange to say roused me out of bed the same night to tell me I would in some way or other be connected with the child's misfortune. Let me hasten to add that I am not in the least superstitious, and detest anything approaching the un-understandable being attributed to supernatural agency. I gave the fortune-teller four annas, which by the way he declined, and told him to go to sleep on the verandah and went to sleep and forgot all about the incident. This was in March just before I went away on a holiday trip. One day in September I was hard at work at about three in the afternoon, when a servant came and told me that "spotted-eye" had gone mad and bitten a kid. I went flying home on my bike and saw too plainly the evidences of the calamity that had overtaken the dog. He had chewed to bits a bar of teakwood three inches in girth, to which he had been chained as usual before I went to work at two. There was the unfortunate kid lying mangled with its owner telling me his story from behind his closed doors. Not a soul was to be seen out of doors and the usually lively place was as still as on a fast day. I rode round to every likely place and at last was guided by a policeman, the only solitary man to be seen, armed with a *dao*—a sort of Indian sword. He said the dog was under a house, at the end of that road. And then he vanished like smoke, because, there coming like a streak of lightning, was "spotted eye" himself with the danger signals showing plainly in his bloodshot eyes and frothing mouth. I merely turned my bicycle broadsides on to him and shouted out his name. He stopped short and flew off at a tangent. The houses in that village were in blocks, and were all built on piles. You could go from one street to another under the houses, whereas the streets themselves ran on parallel to each other for six or seven hundred yards where they were joined by streets running at right angles to them. I thought I had "spotted eye" now but he had disappeared. On I went on the bike and at last got to the rich man's compound. He was seated on a mat under a tamarind tree and his litle son was playing near him with his mother. I at once asked if "spotted eye" had been there. "Spotted eye" was as well known as myself by every child and grown-up in the place. The rich man to my horror said quite calmly "yes, he was here playing with Mg—(his son) and I wonder where he's got to. Here, Mg—, where is the little monster-dog?" I was simply trembling by this time. "Oh, the little monster-dog! he came to play with me to-day and when mother called me away he wouldn't let me go and kissed me but his teeth hurt me." The father laughed. I have never seen a man change so suddenly as him from cool to interested. I just caught the boy up and opened his mouth. There right enough between his lower lip and teeth was a tiny scratch. I took the father aside and told him the dog was mad, I feared greatly for the child. "Pack, pack," I said "we'll start for a place in India that I know of where your son will be treated in such a way that he won't take harm. Come, man, get up, start." I was speaking of the Kasauli Institute of course. But his Burman blood, sluggish where it should have been on fire, merely prompted him to rise and stretch himself and say "Ahmé! thakin, what a hurry you are in? Hey you, Shwe La, go and call the *Sai Sayah* next door," and then turning to me "I thought the child was really bitten." Hence the interest he had betrayed himself into! The *Sai Sayah* came and deliberated, "The child will not die." I turned in disgust and went on with my search for the dog. I got home tired and thirsty and there at the foot of the steps was poor "spotted eye" lying on his side with a big contusion on

his head where my boy had hit him. I just shot him in his head where he lay, and went upstairs. Next morning when I came down the body wasn't there and I thought it had been removed. I was mistaken because a gang of boys from a monastery, with the priest of whom I was on excellent terms, came up presently and said a foreigner had killed my little "monster-dog," because it had bitten his bull-calf in the neck. How is that for the vitality of a bull-terrier! I had probably creased him and not really shot him. In the afternoon the rich man's servants came and asked me for the body of the dog. I directed them to the monastery and forgot all about it. In the evening I took a ride to the rich man's house. Mg—, the child who had been bitten, was playing about and his father laughed and poked fun at me for my nervousness. The *Sai* and *Sayah* had it appears ordered the dead body of the dog to be buried with only its tail visible above the ground, and a piece of its flesh was made into a stew and given to the child. The *Sai Sayah*—fortunately for himself—had after my departure the previous evening laughed at the idea of my wanting to take the boy to India. A number of neighbours had by this collected as usual and they told me there was no need for alarm, even if the dog were mad and had bitten the child. Had not the *Sayah* ordered immediate steps to be taken to prevent "the madness of the dog returning" to the child. [Bur: *Kwé yu* pyandé.] I enquired what the wise man had prescribed. Then the wisdom of the *Sayah* was expounded to me. And I pass it on to you.

When a person is bitten by a mad dog, plant the dog in the ground with only its tail visible. Make a stew of a portion of the dog's flesh and feed the person bitten with it. That being done you are given a freer hand in the treatment. People tell you that though a person be bitten by a mad dog the person does not shew signs of the madness of the dog returning through himself, in other words the person does not go mad himself. But under certain aggravating circumstances the madness of the dog will show itself in the person bit, who barks and generally behaves like a dog and eventually dies. Now, what are these aggravating circumstances? Surely, surely they are plain to all civilized human beings. The madness only returns, when the person bitten sees, hears, touches or tastes something which he had not seen, heard, touched, or tasted before he was bitten by the mad dog. After this has taken root in your dull brains, you will want to know how this can be prevented, because to the ignorant it seems superhuman to tell what a person, whether bitten by a mad dog, or not, may not see, hear, touch, or taste. It is here Burmese medical science comes to the rescue. You must make the afflicted person see, hear, touch, and taste as great a variety of things as you can manage to, immediately after he has been bitten. I began to comprehend the heights and depths of the science at this point. I mildly enquired what they had done that day. To begin with, the previous night a scratch company of artists had given a *poay*, a Burmese theatrical performance, in the rich man's compound. Little Mg—had witnessed and heard it. I can vouch for its driving away sleep, but draw the line at madness, which, if anything, a Burmese *poay* is apt to induce in the gentle stranger who attends one for the first time. Then Mg—had early that morning been taken to see a steamer, which being nine miles away from the village, his numerous cousins, uncles, and aunts had never been active enough to take him to see. He had gone on board, and smelt the smells of the engine room, looked on filthily clad engineers somewhere under the water-level—someone here suggested that Mg—may really have been said to have walked on the bed of the river. This was greeted with acclamation, and added to the list of Mg's strange experiences—he had heard the bray of the fog-horn, the rattle of the anchor chains, and had by kind permission of the commander even been permitted to remain on board till the steamer got mid stream so that it could be truthfully said that Mg—had enjoyed a steamer trip. There is nothing like truth even if it be slightly variegated. Then Mg— had been shown "everything." I couldn't dispute *that*, so I had perforce to hold my tongue in pitiable ignorance. I asked if Mg— had ever driven a dog-cart. No. Would I be so kind as to allow him to drive mine. Certainly. "Hey! Shwe La, go and tell the thakin's sycekallah to bring his dog-cart." It came and Mg—had a drive much to his pleasure, though my heart was heavy in me. Well, all sorts of things were done and said. They had even allowed him to inhale the smell emitted when onions are fried in oil which, as every sensible person knows, is deadly to sick people. I wondered at their rashness as displayed in this acme as it were of desperate resources. So there they all were happy and contented at Mg's salvation. In four and twenty hours he had seen, heard, touched, and tasted enough to kill a grown-up person, leave alone a child, and he had survived. Another grand *poay* was given that night, and indeed the preparations had already begun when I was there. The scenery was up. It consisted of the stump of a *papaya* tree to represent a forest. I didn't wait for the *poay*. What if the madness of the dog returned in *me*! I went instead and had a chat with the English doctor over some long tumblers. He said, "Leave 'em alone. It is impossible for you or me to do anything and besides *Sai Sayahs* must live."

October came and with it the "Light feast" when every house and pagoda is illuminated as if the Viceroy or Prince of Wales is visiting the place, and every one is happy and merry. I was slowly riding through the big village which aspired to being called a town. Shwe La came running up to me, "Thakin," he said, "Come to our house. Mg—has had fever and is behaving queerly." I turned at once. On the way I picked Shwe La to bits. Yes, the rich man had sent for ten doctors and they were all in full blast in the house. Mg--was calling out constantly for *me*. I thought of that last drive with him. His parents were heart broken at not listening to my advice. Would I blame them? "No, Shwe La, the fault is mine for not treating them like the children they are and forcibly taking the boy to Kasauli." "Anyway, thakin, they are waiting for you." As soon as I got to the house I sent off Shwe La with a note for the English doctor. He came and room was made for him. He shook his head, "there is no use," he said, "that child has ten minutes more." Mg—suddenly roused himself and called out for me. I had him in my arms. There was no frothing nor barking. Only a clenching of the teeth and slobbering. It was no use whatever doing anything for him. And so he died. They had a grand funeral and when returning from the graveyard I took one of the *Sai Sayahs* with me. "*Sayah*," I said, "why did Mg——die? I thought he had seen, heard, touched, and tasted and smelt of everything." "Thakin," was the calm reply, "Mg——died because his people forgot to do something." I thought so too, and after talking about other things asked him if he had as yet got anything in the shape of a fee for his attendance. Mg's people had forgotten it. And so what that weird albino told me in the dead of night was true. Was it a coincidence? I cannot explain it in any other way. This was not the last of him. I had another equally weird meeting with him. But that's another story.

PADRAM.

"We live together years and years,
And leave unsounded still
Each other's springs of hopes and fears,
Each other's depths of will:—
We live together day by day,
And some chance look or tone
Lights up with instantaneous ray
An inner world unknown."

"Seldom can the heart be lonely
If it seek a lonelier still,—
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups with love to fill."

Her Highness Puram Thirunal Amma Tampuran.

(*Mother of Kerala Varma, C.S.I., Valiya Coil Tampuran.*)

A SHORT SKETCH.

THERE are few persons either in our own province of Malabar or outside of it in India, who have not known or heard of Kerala Varma, C.S.I., "The Kerala Kalidas." This Valiya Coil Tampuran is a famous man; but it is seldom that we understand or care to know what the cause of his fame is. When at home, he was taught by his mother, who can lay claim to a good sound education. It was his mother who greatly moulded his future life, while he was yet a child and hence we find that his fame is the outcome of "Female Education." There are a set of men among us now who think that education makes our women unwomanly; it is with a purpose to examine whether or not this is the case that we wish to write a few lines about the mother of H. H. Kerala Varma, C.S.I.

In European countries women were educated even in the middle ages, and the men, who shed a halo of glory during their lifetime in their respective surroundings, were all men who had all profited much by their mother's education given at home. Sir Walter Scott and the Great Duke of Wellington were taught by their mothers and they owe their reputation and glory to their mothers. Women play an important part in the progress of the world. Do we not often say that 'The hand that rocks the cradle governs the world?" Women are greatly endowed with intelligence and foresight and if they were given good opportunities to train themselves, they could surpass their brethren even.

Our Puram Thirunal was such a woman. She was born in the year 1825 at Changanacherry in the Lukshmipuram Palace. Her mother was of a gentle disposition and an expert in 'domestic economy,' her father was Pelappakara Nampuri who was well educated. In those days the light of western knowledge and civilization had not penetrated into the palace chambers and consequently the members of the Palace remained quite conservative. Female education was not cared for generally.

Even though at that time the cause of Female Education was slumbering, yet the parents of the subject of this sketch, seeing the intelligence

exhibited by her, sent her to the family preceptor, Rama Varyar, to study under him. Rama Varyar taught her Sanskrit, both poetry and prose. She studied under him till she was 12 years old, when she was married to the Mullappalli Namburipad of Thaliparamba. This Namburipad was versed well in 'Kammadi,' Sruti, Smrithi and Ithihasas, Hindu Astrology and many other kindred subjects. He had a desire to teach his wife all these and many more and as she lent a ready ear to his request, she was at once taught all these. With her wonderful intelligence she was able to master them all soon. She was a great lover of music; though she was not specially taught this, yet her natural tone was very musical and it was exceedingly charming and melodious to hear her speak and sing.

When she was fifteen years old, a son was born to her whose name is Raja Raja Varma. He is, as it were, the seat of all good qualities, he is the Senior Coil Tampuran of Ananthapuram and also the greatest native medical authority in Travancore. In her twentieth year, Kerala Varma, the Valiya Coil Tampuran, was born to her. Besides these two noble sons she gave birth to three daughters and five sons. Of the three daughters, two died very early and only one remained. She was a great scholar in Sanskrit; has written several books and slokas. Once she wrote a Sanskrit poem and sent it to the present Maha-Rajah, who, being well pleased with this, presented her with a very valuable diamond ring. This only daughter has three daughters who also are all sprightly and intelligent.

After the birth of the last daughter, the Mullapalli Nampuri renounced the worldly pleasures and became a Sannyasin. Though she—Puram Thirunal—was much grieved at this separation, yet, as she had some education and knew all well, she did not feel this pang of separation very keenly. Thereafter she spent her time in educating her son's daughters, &c., and was wholly immersed in the palace duties.

After the death of the Senior Coil Tampuran, of Changanacherry, dissensions broke out in the family. Though there were dissensions at Changanacherry, yet Raja Raja Varma, her brother, the father of H. H. the reigning Maharajah of Travancore sent her all aid and comforted her. Soon he also died. She was now put into great difficulties. She thought it would not be well to stay there any longer and, resigning herself to the care of the God Almighty, she slipt out of the palace with her closest relatives and followers and came to the Kartigapally Palace and lived there with the family by the kind permission of the Maharaja. Then her eldest son, Raja Raja Varma, built the Ananthapuram Palace at Haripad, and the family was removed to this from Karthigapally and here the family is flourishing now. Now there are only four sons, two grandsons, three grand-daughters of hers living in the Haripad family. Some of her grandsons are living at Mavelikara.

It is said misfortunes never come single but in battalions. So it was in the case of Puram Thirunal. Her husband renounced the pleasures of this world, many of her sons and daughters died before their time and worst of all she had to step out of her old maternal home where she was born. If all these calamities had befallen any other woman, she would have despised this life of sorrow and misery here below. But our Puram Thirunal took all these very calmly. She was not discouraged by all these. Courage glowed in her mind and the spirit, that glorious spirit of womanhood, did not desert her in time of need.

She led her life piously, a noble woman she! She took great pains to educate her sons, grandsons and daughters. She has rendered great help to the cause of female education. She herself had given pecuniary aid to many students of both sexes and her name will for ever be cherished by all those who came in contact with her. Words fail to give expression to all the good she has done in our midst. Her life was unblemished and a noble example to those of her sex to follow.

A few years before her death she informed the Maharajah of her desire to spend her remaining lifetime in solitude and in pious contemplation, free from the trammels of worldly woe. H. H. the Maharajah, in response to the request of his father's sister, ordered his government to build a separate palace, which is now known as "Sri Mula Vilasam Palace." She spent her life here, and in 1896 she had an attack of rheumatism from which she suffered for two years and in 1898 left this world for the better one.

"Her quiet dream of life hath now ceased,
Her peaceful being hath slowly passed by
To some abode of more perfect peace!"

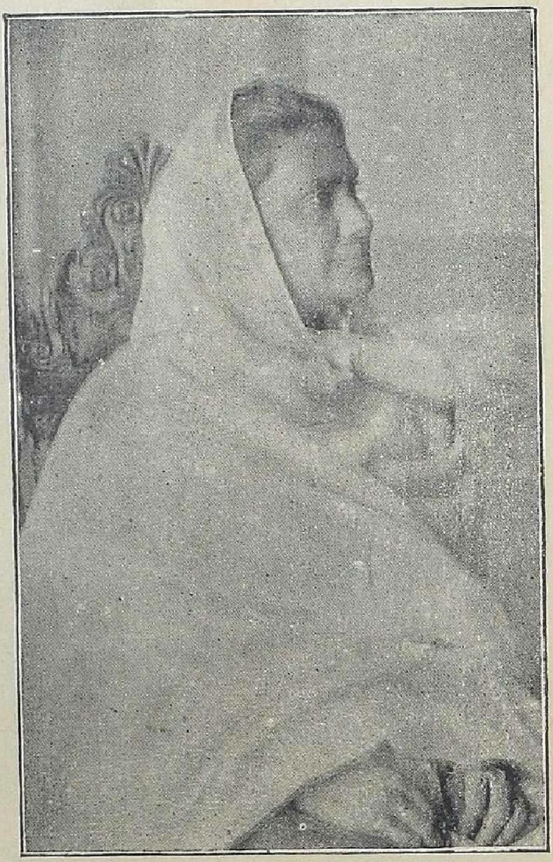
R. Kulathu Iyer.

"Would'st thou possess this peace? be still, be low
Peace with the pure abides;
Yea, all the humble, all the gentle, know
The shelter where she hides;
Rooted in patience, her fair buds to flowers shall grow."

"Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heaven, majestic, free!
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

H. H. PURAM THIRUNAL AMMA TAMPURAN.

(See page 79.)



MRS. DATTA OF LAHORE

(See page 72.)

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—SAROJINI NAIDU: THE INDIAN POETESS.

By an Admirer.

INDIA is justly reputed to be the motherland of Poetry. She can boast of a Valmiki, a Kalidasa, poetical geniuses of the highest order. In modern times, there have arisen in the country one or two poets who have shown marked originality. We may mention Toru Dutt and Sarojini Naidu, two poetic souls thrilling with—

> The faculty divine
> And the emotion fine.

The voice of Toru Dutt is hushed. Sarojini is charming us by her sweet lyrics. A few words on this Indian Poetess will not therefore be out of place. Sarojini Naidu is the daughter of the well-known Hyderabad Educationist, Dr. Agharnath Chattopadhyay. Dr. Chattopadhyay is an ardent scientist and might have accomplished grand things had his lines been cast in more congenial times. At an early age Sarojini was fired with a passionate desire for writing poetry. Her father, not knowing the bent of her genius, discouraged her very much. But his words had no effect on his gifted daughter. Needless to say she has written much and much of what she has written has been put in print. Her poetry is now appreciated both in this country and in England. Scattered among her writings are passages of real poetic beauty.

We will give some examples. In her wood-song, a song of Nature, she describes a pure, innocent soul wandering in a wood. The soul enraptured by the holy calm that reigns all round is ready to burst from its bonds and soar away to the celestial regions. In eager expectation throbs the quickening pulse. Suddenly the soul comes face to face with Nature, an intensely living force, which breathes life through her every vein and works in one sweet harmony. "How restless is man? He is all discord! Nature is all harmony!", so the wandering soul sighs at last. We quote the lines below :—

> Through the woods I love to wander
> Where the gushing bird-notes swell,
> Where wild flowers in rainbow myriads
> Glimmer through each glade and dell;
> Where thro' midst of whispering boughs
> The golden sunlight softly glows
> And the purling streamlet flows
> In silver-tinkling melody—
> Trembling shadows kiss its breast
> 'Neath some old majestic tree.
> 'Bove are the heavens of azure splendour
> Where the pearly cloudlets gleam
> Silent, glorious like the lovely
> Spirits of some mystic dream.
> Earth lies steeped in vivid haze
> Of the dreamy summer days,
> And my soul doth leap ablaze
> In rapture's wild intensity
> Where the pulse of Nature thrills
> In one sweet living harmony.

In her lines on "The Tombs of Golconda," she vividly brings before our mind the mighty potentates and queens of old. In a moment we imagine ourselves in the city of tombs. We hear the rippling laughter of the fair queens. Their jealousies, quarrels, and angry words resound in our ears. We heave a parting sigh over their tombs. Alas! How soon earthly things have their end! The lines are—

. . . .

> "I pause, my dreaming spirit hears
> The laughter of your royal brides."

. . . .

Her description of Nature in her calmer moods is equally beautiful. The dominant note that rings throughout her poems is often a deep, thoughtful and passionate love of Nature. She is above all a lover of Nature. We have been able to refer to only a few of the original ideas of this poetic mind. We will close the article by quoting a few lines which strike the key-note of her mood :

On Western clouds, the crimson grace
Of sunset lingers still,
A spiritual purple haze
Enshrouds the distant hill

. . . .

SARASVATI.

II.—SULTANA'S DREAM.

By Mrs. R. S. Hossein.

ONE evening I was lounging in an easy chair in my bed-room and thinking lazily of the condition of Indian womanhood. I am not sure whether I dozed off or not. But, as far as I remember, I was wide awake. I saw the moonlit sky sparkling with thousands of diamond-like stars, very distinctly.

All of a sudden a lady stood before me; how she came in, I do not know. I took her for my friend, Sister Sara.

"Good morning!" said Sister Sara. I smiled inwardly as I knew it was not *morning*, but starry night. However, I replied to her, saying,

"How do you do?"

"I am all right, thank you. Will you please come out and have a look at our garden?"

I looked again at the moon through the open window, and thought there was no harm in going out at that time. The men servants outside were fast asleep just then, and I could have a pleasant walk with Sister Sara.

I used to have my walks with Sister Sara, when we were at Darjeeling. Many a time did we walk hand in hand and talk light-heartedly in the Botanical gardens there. I fancied, Sister Sara had probably come to take me to some such garden, and I readily accepted her offer and went out with her.

When walking, I found to my surprise that it was a fine morning! The town was fully awake and the streets alive with bustling crowds. I was feeling very shy, thinking I was walking in the street in broad daylight, but there was not a single man visible.

Some of the passers-by made jokes at me. Though I could not understand their language, yet I felt sure they were joking. I asked my friend, "What do they say?"

"The women say that you look very mannish."

"Mannish!" said I, "What do they mean by that?"

"They mean that you are shy and timid like men!"

"Shy and timid like a man!" It was really a joke! I became very nervous, when I found that my companion was not Sister Sara, but a stranger. Oh! what a fool had I been to mistake this lady for my dear old friend, Sister Sara!

She felt my fingers tremble in her hand, as we were walking hand in hand.

"What is the matter, dear?" she said affectionately.

"I feel somewhat awkward," I said in a rather apologising tone, "as being a purdah-nishin woman I am not accustomed to walking about unveiled."

"You need not be afraid of coming across a man here. This is Ladyland, free from sin and harm. Virtue herself reigns here."

By and by I was enjoying the scenery. Really it was very grand. I mistook a patch of grass for a velvet cushion! Feeling as if I were walking on soft carpet, I looked down and found the path was covered with moss and flowers.

"How nice it is?" said I.

"Do you like it?" asked Sister Sara. (I continued calling her "Sister Sara," and she kept calling me by my name).

"Yes, very much; but I do not like to tread on the tender and sweet flowers!"

"Never mind, dear Sultana! Your treading will not harm them; they are street flowers."

"The whole palace looks like a garden," said I admiringly, "You have arranged every plant so skilfully."

"Your Calcutta could become a nicer garden than this, if only your countrymen wanted to make it so."

"They would think it useless to give so much attention to horticulture, while they have so many other things to do."

"They could not find a better excuse!" said she with a smile.

I became very curious to know where the men were. I met more than a hundred women, while walking there, but not a single man!

"Where are the men?" I asked her.

"In their proper places, where they ought to be."

"Pray let me know what you mean by 'their proper places.'"

"O! I see my mistake, you cannot know our customs, as you were never here before. We shut our men indoors."

"Just as we are kept in the zenana?"

"Exactly so."

"How funny!" I burst into a laugh. Sister Sara laughed too.

"But dear Sultana! how unfair it is to shut in the harmless women and let loose the men."

"Why? It is not safe for us to come out of the zenana, as we are naturally weak."

"Yes, it is not safe so long as there are men

about the streets! nor is it so when a wild animal enters a market-place!"

"Of course not."

"Suppose, some lunatics escape from the asylum and begin to do all sorts of mischief to men, horses and other creatures, in that case what will your countrymen do?"

"They will try to capture them and put them back into their asylum."

"Thank you! and you do not think it wise to keep sane people inside an asylum and let loose the insane?"

"Of course not!" said I laughing lightly.

"As a matter of fact in your country this very thing is done! Men, who do,—or at least are capable of doing no end of mischief, are let loose and the innocent women shut up in the zenana! How can you trust those untrained men out of doors?"

"We have no hand or voice in the management of our social affairs. In India man is lord and master. He has taken to himself all powers and privileges and shut up the woman in the zenana."

"Why do you allow yourselves to be shut up?'

"Because it can not be helped as they are stronger than women."

"A lion is stronger than a man, but it does not enable him to dominate the human race. You have neglected the duty you owe to yourselves and you have lost your natural rights by shutting your eyes to your own interests."

"But my dear Sister Sara if we do everything by ourselves, what will the men do then?'

"They should not do anything, excuse me; they are fit for nothing! Only catch them and put them into the zenana!"

"But would it be very easy to catch and put them inside the four walls?" said I, "and even if this were done would all their business,—political and commercial also go with them into the zenana!"

Sister Sara made no reply. She only smiled sweetly. Perhaps she thought it useless to argue with one who was no better than a frog in a well!

By this time we reached Sister Sara's house. It was situated in a beautiful heartshaped garden. It was a bungalow with a corrugated iron roof, it was cooler and nicer than any of our rich buildings. I can not describe how neat and how nicely furnished and how tastefully decorated it was.

We sat side by side; she brought out of the parlour a piece of embroidery work and began putting on a fresh design.

"Do you know knitting and needle work?"

"Yes; we have nothing else to do in our zenana."

"But we do not trust our 'zenana' members with embroidery!" she said laughing, "as a man has not patience enough to pass thread through a needle-hole even!"

"Have you done all this work yourself?" I asked her pointing to the various pieces of embroidered teapoy cloths.

"Yes."

"How can you find time to do all these? You have to do the office work as well? Have you not?"

"Yes. I do not stick to the laboratory all day long. I finish my work in two hours."

"In two hours! how do you manage? In our land the officers, magistrates,—for instance, work seven hours daily."

"I have seen some of them doing their work. Do you think they work all the seven hours?"

"Certainly they do!"

"No, dear Sultana! they do not. They dawdle away their time in smoking! Some smoke two or three cheroots during the office time. They talk much about their work, but do little. Suppose one cheroot takes half an hour to burn off, and a man smokes twelve cheroots daily; then you see, he wastes six hours every day in sheer smoking."

We talked on various subjects; and I learned that they were not subject to any kind of epidemic disease,—nor did they suffer from mosquito-bites as we do! I was very much astonished to hear that in Ladyland no one died in youth except by rare accident.

"Will you care to see our kitchen?' she asked me.

"With pleasure," said I, and we went to see it. Of course the men had been asked to clear off when I was going there! The kitchen was situated in a beautiful vegetable garden. Every creeper, every tomato plant was itself an ornament. I found no smoke, nor any chimney either in the kitchen,—it was clean and bright; the windows were decorated with flower garlands. There was no sign of coal or fire.

"How do you cook?" I asked.

"With solar heat," she said, at the same time showing me the pipe, through which passed the concentrated sunlight and heat. And she cooked something then and there to show me the process.

"How did you manage to gather and store up the sun-heat?" I asked her in amazement.

"Let me tell you a little of our past history then. Thirty years ago, when our present Queen was thirteen years old, she inherited the throne. She was a Queen in name only, the Prime-minister really ruling the country.

"Our good Queen liked science very much. She circulated an order that all the women in her

country should be educated. Accordingly a number of girls' schools were founded and supported by the Government. Education was spread far and wide among women. And early marriage also was stopped. No woman was to be allowed to marry before she was twenty-one. I must tell you that before this change we had been kept in strict purdah."

"Now the tables are turned," I interposed with a laugh.

"But the seclusion is the same," she said. "In a few years we had separate Universities, where no men were admitted.

"In the capital, where our Queen lives, there are two Universities. One of these invented a wonderful balloon, to which they attached a number of pipes. By means of this captive balloon, which they managed to keep afloat above the cloud land, they could draw as much water from the atmosphere as they pleased. As the water was incessantly being drawn by the University people, no cloud could gather and the ingenious Lady-Principal stopped rain and storms thereby."

"Really! now I understand why there is no mud here!" said I. But I could not understand how it was possible to accumulate water in the pipes. She explained to me how it was done; but I was unable to understand her, as my scientific knowledge was very limited. However she went on,——

"When the other University came to know of this, they became exceedingly jealous and tried to do some thing more extraordinary still. They invented an instrument by which they could collect as much sun-heat as they wanted. And they kept the heat stored up to be distributed among others as required.

"While the women were engaged in scientific researches, the men of this country were busy increasing their military power. When they came to know that the female universities were able to draw water from the atmosphere and collect heat from the sun, they only laughed at the members of the universities and called the whole thing 'a sentimental nightmare!'"

"Your achievements are very wonderful indeed! But tell me, how you managed to put the men of your country into the zenana. Did you entrap them first?"

"No."

"It is not likely that they would surrender their free and open air life of their own accord and confine themselves within the four walls of the zenana! They must have been overpowered."

"Yes, they have been!"

"By whom?—by some lady-warriors, I suppose?"

"No, not by arms."

"Yes, it cannot be so. Men's arms are stronger than women's. Then?"

"By brain."

"Even their brains are bigger and heavier than women's. Are they not?"

"Yes, but what of that? An elephant also has got a bigger and heavier brain than a man has! Yet men can enchain elephants and employ them according to their own wishes."

"Well said, but tell me, please, how it all actually happened. I am dying to know it!"

"Women's brains are somewhat quicker than men's. Ten years ago, when the military officers called our scientific discoveries 'a sentimental night-mare,' some of the young ladies wanted to say something in reply to those remarks. But both the Lady-Principals restrained them and said, they should reply, not by word, but by deed, if ever that got an opportunity. And they had not long to wait for that opportunity."

"How marvellous!" I nearly clapped my hands. "And now the proud gentlemen are dreaming sentimental dreams themselves."

"Soon afterwards certain persons came from a neighbouring country and took shelter in ours. They were in trouble having committed some political offence. The King who cared more for power than for good government asked our kind-hearted Queen to hand them over to his officers. She refused, as it was against her principle to turn out refugees. For this refusal the King declared war against our country.

"Our military officers sprang to their feet at once and marched out to meet the enemy.

"The enemy, however, was too strong for them. Our soldiers fought bravely, no doubt. But in spite of all their bravery the foreign army advanced step by step to invade our country.

"Nearly all the men had gone out to fight; even a boy of sixteen was not left at home. Most of our warriors were killed, the rest driven back and the enemy came within twenty-five miles of the capital.

"A meeting of a number of wise ladies was held at the Queen's palace to advise as to what should be done to save the land.

"Some proposed to fight like soldiers; others objected and said that women were not trained to fight with swords and guns; nor were they accustomed to fighting with any weapons. A third party regretfully remarked that they were hopelessly weak of body.

"'If you cannot save your country for lack of physical strength,' said the Queen, 'try to do so by brain power.'

"There was a dead silence for a few minutes. Her Royal Highness said again, 'I must commit suicide if the land and my honour are lost.'

"Then the Lady Principal of the second University, (who had collected sun-heat), who had been silently thinking during the consultation, remarked that they were all but lost; and there was little hope left for them. There was however, one plan which she would like to try, and this would be her first and last effort; if she failed in this, there would be nothing left but to commit suicide. All present solemnly vowed that they would never allow themselves to be enslaved, no matter what happened.

"The Queen thanked them heartily, and asked the Lady-Principal to try her plan.

"The Lady-Principal rose again and said, 'before we go out, the men must enter the zenanas. I make this prayer for the sake of purdah.' 'Yes, of course,' replied Her Royal Highness.

"On the following day the Queen called upon all men to retire into zenanas for the sake of honour and liberty.

"Wounded and tired as they were, they took that order rather for a boon! They bowed low and entered the zenanas without uttering a single word of protest. They were sure that there was no hope for this country at all.

"Then the Lady-Principal with her two thousand students marched to the battle-field; and arriving there directed all the rays of the concentrated sun-light heat towards the enemy.

"The heat and light were too much for them to bear! They all ran away panic-stricken, not knowing in their bewilderment how to counteract that scorching heat. When they had fled away leaving their guns and other munitions of war, they were burnt down by means of the same sun-heat.

"Since then no one has tried to invade our country any more."

"And since then your countrymen never tried to come out of the zenana?"

"Yes, they wanted to be free. Some of the Police Commissioners and District Magistrates sent word to the Queen to the effect that the military Officers certainly deserved to be imprisoned for their failure; but they never neglected their duty and therefore they should not be punished, and they prayed to be restored to their respective offices.

"Her Royal Highness sent them a circular letter intimating to them that if their services should ever be needed they would be sent for, and that in the meanwhile they should remain where they were.

"Now that they are accustomed to the purdah system and have ceased to grumble at their seclusion, we call the system 'Murdana' instead of 'zenana.'"

"But how do you manage" I asked Sister Sara, "to do without the Police or Magistrates in cases of theft or murder?"

"Since the 'Murdana' system has been established, there has been no more crime or sin; therefore we do not require a Police man to find out a culprit, nor do we want a Magistrate to try a Criminal case."

"That is very good, indeed. I suppose if there were any dishonest person, you could very easily chastise her. As you gained a decisive victory without shedding a single drop of blood, you could drive off crime and criminals too without much difficulty!"

"Now dear Sultana, will you sit here or come to my parlour?" she asked me.

"Your kitchen is not inferior to a queen's boudoir!" I replied with a pleasant smile, "but we must leave it now; for the gentlemen may be cursing me for keeping them away from their duties in the kitchen so long." We both laughed heartily.

"How my friends at home will be amused and amazed, when I go back and tell them that in the far-off Ladyland ladies rule over the country and control all social matters, while gentlemen are kept in the Murdanas to mind babies, to cook and to do all sorts of domestic work! and that cooking is so easy a thing that it is simply a pleasure to cook!"

"Yes, tell them about all that you see here."

"Please let me know, how you carry on land cultivation and how you plough the land and do other hard manual work."

"Our fields are tilled by means of electricity, which supplies motive power for other hard work as well and we employ it for our aerial conveyances too. We have no rail road nor any paved streets here."

"Therefore neither street nor railway accidents occur here." said I. "Do not you veer suffer from want of rainwater?" I asked.

"Never. You see the big balloon and pipes attached thereto. By their aid we can draw as much rain water as we require. Nor do we ever suffer from flood or thunderstorms. We are all very busy making nature yield as much as she can. We do not find time to quarrel with one another as we never sit idle. "Our noble Queen is exceedingly fond of Botany; it is her ambition to convert the whole country into one grand garden."

"The idea is excellent. What is your chief food?"

"Fruits."

"How do you keep your country cool in hot weather? We regard the rainfall in summer as a blessing from heaven."

"If the heat becomes unbearable, we sprinkle the ground with plentiful showers drawn from the artificial fountains. And in cold weather we keep our rooms warmed with sun-heat."

She showed me her bathroom, the roof of which was removable. She could enjoy a shower bath whenever she liked by simply removing the roof (which was like the lid of a box) and turning on the top of the shower pipe!

"You are a lucky people!" ejaculated I, "You know no want. What is your religion, may I ask?"

"Our religion is based on Love and Truth. It is our religious duty to love one another and to be absolutely truthful. If any person lies, she or he is———."

"Punished with death?"

"No; not with death. We do not take pleasure in killing a creature of God,—specially a human being. The liar is asked to leave this land for good and never to come to it again."

"Is an offender never forgiven?"

"Yes, if that person repents sincerely."

"Are you not allowed to see any man, except your own relations?"

"No one except sacred relations."

"Our circle of sacred relations is very limited, even first cousins are not sacred."

"But ours is very large; a distant cousin is as sacred as a brother."

"That is very good. I see, Purity itself reigns over your land. I should like to see the good Queen, who is so sagacious and far-sighted and who has made all these rules."

"All right," said Sister Sara.

Then she screwed a couple of seats on to a square piece of plank. To this plank she attached two smooth and well polished balls. When I asked her what the balls were for, she said, they were hydrogen balls and they were used to overcome the force of gravity. The balls were of different capacities to be used according to the different weights desired to be overcome. She then fastened to the air-car two wing-like blades, which, she said, were worked by electricity. After we were comfortably seated she touched a knob and the blades began to whirl, moving faster and faster every moment. At first we were raised to the height of about six or seven feet and then off we flew! And before I could realize that we had commenced moving we reached the Garden of the Queen.

My friend lowered the air-car by reversing the action of the machine, and when the car touched the ground the machine was stopped and we got out.

I had seen from the air-car, the Queen walking on a garden path with her little daughter (who was four years old) and her maids of honour.

"Halloo! you here!" cried the Queen addressing Sister Sara. I was introduced to Her Royal Highness and was received by her cordially without any ceremony.

I was very much delighted to make her acquaintance. In course of the conversation I had with her the Queen told me that she had no objection to permitting her subjects to trade with other countries. "But," she continued, "no trade was possible with countries where the women were kept in the zenanas and so unable to come and trade with us. Men, we find, are rather of lower morals and so we do not like dealing with them. "We do not covet other people's land, we do not fight for a piece of diamond though it may be a thousand-fold brighter than the Koh-i-Noor nor do we grudge a ruler his Peacock throne. We dive deep into the ocean of knowledge and try to find out the precious gems, which Nature has kept in store for us. We enjoy Nature's gifts as much as we can."

After taking leave of the Queen, I visited the famous universities, and was shown over some of their manufactories, laboratories and observatories.

After visiting the above places of interest we got again into the air-car, but as soon as it began moving I somehow slipped down and the fall startled me out of my dream. And on opening my eyes, I found myself in my own bed room still lounging in the easy chair!!

III.—"SOMETHING ABOUT INDIA AND ITS CUSTOMS."

By "Shahinda."

EVERY one who sojourns in India for any lengthened period, will, I believe, agree with me, that, in order to promote health of body, the mind must be employed in active pursuits. The constitutionally idle persons of either sex amongst Europeans are invariably most subject to feel distressed by the prevailing annoyance of an Indian climate. From a listless life results discontent, apathy and often disease. The hours devoted to employing time pass without a murmur or sigh at the height of the thermometer, or the length of a day during the season of hot winds, or that humid heat which prevails throughout the periodical rains.

Time flies quickly with useful employments in all places; in this exhausting climate every one has to seek his own amusement.

The patriarchal manners prevalent in some high class respectable families are still pictured in every day occurrences. The master and mistress receive the utmost veneration and

devotion from their slaves and domestics, who are even permitted to converse and give opinions with a freedom (always respectful) that at the first view would lead a stranger to imagine there could be no great inequality of station between the persons.

The undeviating kindness to aged servants, no longer capable of rendering services, the remarkable attention paid to the convenience and comfort of poor relatives, even to the most remote in consanguity, the exercise of universal charity, the tenderness of parents and the implicit obedience of children are a few of those amiable traits of character which command respect. In their reverential homage towards parents and in their affectionate solicitude for the happiness of those venerated authors of their existence, Indians are most praiseworthy.

These however with other chivalric traits of character are fast disappearing under the demoralizing influence of the so-called modern civilization, where the banner of "freedom" is hoisted high in the air. These are read and re-read in the tender young ears of children with very unhappy results.

The spirit of philanthropy is promoted in general charity by an injunction from their Lawgiver "to be universally charitable." This command is reverenced and obeyed by all who are, his faithful followers. Almsgiving propitiates the favour of Heaven. Consequently this belief is the inducing medium for clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, supporting the weak, consoling the afflicted, protecting the fatherless, sheltering the houseless traveller and rendering the ear and the heart alive to the distresses of the poor in all situations. A voice of a suppliant is never allowed to pass unheeded.

Advantage of this is taken and imposition is doubtless practised with success by the indolent, who excite the good feelings of the wealthy by a tale of woe. The sin rests with him who begs unworthily.

The Sayyads are very tenacious in retaining the purity of their race unsullied. A conscientious Sayyad regards birth before wealth in negotiations for marriage. Many rich men grant sufficient sums to defray the expenses of a marriage with the daughters of the poorer members of this venerated race, for a Sayyad rarely speaks of his pecuniary distresses but is most grateful when relieved. Money obtained by unlawful means is deemed polluted and must neither be offered nor accepted.

This method of retaining lineage from the Prophet is not always a check against impostors. They take upon themselves the honorable distinction without having the slightest claim to the title.

Mohurrum is a celebrated mourning festival in remembrance of the martyrs of early times.

The strong expressions of grief, the sombre cast of countenance, the mourning garb, the self-inflicted abstinence submitted to by the Mussulman population during the days for the fulfilment of mourning;—this annual solemn display of the regret and veneration of the tragic event, due to departed excellence, is impressive beyond words.

The tragic event is conveyed into pathetic verse of fine composition by an eloquent reader, whose superior oratory and gestures compels his hearers to profound grief by the affecting incidents of each particular circumstance in the history of their leaders, the heroic bravery of their friends, etc.

The tale being told in the language of the country, each word is understood, and violent tears and sobs of the most heart-rending description are indulged in until they are actually exhausted with the exertion of "beating the chest and so forth." This method of keeping the Mohurrum is not in strict obedience to the Mussulman law, since all violent and excessive grief, tearing the hair and other expressions of ungovernable sorrow, parade or ostentatious display is prohibited. Quiet grief is evidently more sincere.

Foreign Mussulmans are very much surprised to see the showy festival of Taria procession, which would be considered sacrilegious in Arabia or Turkestan.

Amateur performers on any instrument or good singers are very rare in India indeed; it would be considered indecorous in either sex to practice music, singing or dancing, and such is the prejudice that they can never get reconciled to the propriety of people figuring in a quadrille or waltz.

The Hindustani airs are such as would please the most scientific ear.

The apparent monotony of the life of the zenana is much pitied, but this feeling wears away by intimacy with the people who are precluded from mixing generally with the world. They are happy in their confinement, contented and satisfied with the seclusion to which they are born, they have their employments and amusements, perhaps not suited to the "modern education" but none the less relished by those for whom they were invented. They equally wonder at the European mode of dissipating time.

So far as I have had opportunities of making personal observations on their general character, the women appear to be obedient wives, dutiful daughters, affectionate mothers, kind mistresses, sincere friends and liberal benefactresses to the

distressed poor. These are their moral qualifications, and in their religious duties they are zealous in performing the several ordinances which they have been instructed to observe.

(To be continued.)

IV.—MY LAST FAREWELL.

Six years have sped since first she came
  And stood, her hands fast clasped in mine,—
"Take me, your friend, for I am thine—
  In Life, in Death, to be the same!"
O sad sweet years how quick thy flight!
  Like joy's full flush before some grief
That hides within, to show in brief,
  Its vanquished rival's waning plight!
Cold Death, at last, has come to me;
  Death in the midst of bubbling life:
Sweet Death! the end of all my strife—
  The bringer-in of Life-to-be
Shall I then say a last farewell
  To Life, and Love, and all things sweet?
Elsewhere, perchance, we all will meet,
  Perchance, perchance—O who can tell?
O short Life! Men, Farewell, Good-bye!
  Farewell! Farewell! My sweetest Friend!
With Life's last breath to thee I send
  My last Good-wish, for Now and Aye!

MAYA.

Homeopathy in the treatment of Infantile Diseases.

HOMEOPATHY as a system of medicine has received scant justice at the hands of the professors of the official, orthodox system—Allopathy—who regard themselves as the sole repositories of the healing art, and who often are wilfully blind to the good points of other systems. This prejudice, as well as the force of long-continued habit, has influenced the opinions and beliefs of the generality of the educated public as well.

It will be admitted that Homeopathy labours under several disadvantages, chief among which is the great disparity between the scale of doses and strength of drugs accepted in Allopathy and the greatly attenuated doses obtaining in Homeopathy. It is very hard to convince some people that there could be any virtue or effect in a homeopathic medicine, to whom the virtue of a medicine is directly proportional to the scorching and bitterness produced by it. The fact that, in spite of these disadvantages, homeopathy still continues to enlist the faith and adherence of so many intelligent people, demands our attention; and it is the purpose of the present writer to invite the consideration of the readers of this magazine to facts based on his own experiences.

Before proceeding to do so, I shall give a very brief notice of the life and work of Hahnemann, the founder of the system. Sam. Christian Freidreich Hahnemann was born in Germany in 1755. He took his degree of M. D. and practised as a doctor for ten years in several places, but returned to Leipzic in 1789. He had meditated much on the unsatisfactory condition of the science of medicine; and after much reflection and many experiments, he became convinced of the truth of the principle "Similia similibus curantur." This principle was not original, for it had been enunciated more or less clearly by Hippocrates and Paracelsus, and a similar theorem occurs in the Indian books of medicine, (heat is subdued by heat). Hahnemann made it, however, the ground work and basal principle of his system, and proceeded systematically to "prove" drugs. "Proving" is the technical term used to denote the practical application of this principle. A certain drug would be administered to a healthy person in excessive doses, and the symptoms it produced would be carefully noted; that medicine would, then, in smaller doses, be regarded as a remedy against such symptoms occurring in disease. Further experiments convinced Hahnemann that the conventional doses were unnecessarily large, and often pro-symptoms of dangerous violence. This led to his second principle—the attenuation of doses to such minuteness that the phrase "homeopathic dose" has come to denote an infinitesimal quantity. Hahnemann spent the rest of his life in making these principles of his new system known to the world, in the face of much opposition and persecution.

Some of the views that Hahnemann held with respect to the nature of diseases are untenable now; and even the most ardent admirer and disciple of H. would not be blind enough to hold now, in the face of modern bacteriological researches, that disease is in no case caused by any material substance, but is only and always "A peculiar, virtual, dynamic derangement of health." But we would ask, did allopathy come down as a perfect system, just as Minerva issued full-armed from the head of Jove? Have we forgotten the atrocities—born of ignorance,—committed in its name but a century or two ago, —the pouring of boiling oil into bullet wounds "to counteract its poison," the bleeding and the purging and drenching with toxic stimulants that were worse than the disease?

Homeopathy possesses two qualities that should, cæteris paribus, recommend a system of medicine, and specially one meant for the treatment of infantile diseases, *i.e.*, the harmlessness of the drugs, and the absence of nauseousness. Allopathic medicines are generally so strong and violent in their action that it is not infrequent that, even under professional guidance, they produce consequences that were not bargained for; while for a layman to try to use them would be laying a premium on accidents and courting disasters. Whereas, in the case of homeopathy, even if the medicines fail to do good, they cannot do harm. This enables any intelligent person to use homeopathy in the home with a clear conscience. Secondly, the administering of allopathic medicines to children,—the forcible pouring of rhubarb and ipecacuanha, quinine and castor oil, and other abominations down the unwilling throats of children—is a task which every mother earnestly wishes that she could avoid. But,—"the doctor says it must be given," and so there is no help for it, but to hold the little pugnacious hands and feet down, open the set teeth with the end of a spoon, and make them swallow it in spite of frequent vomitings and regurgitations. But in homeopathy the medicines are so diluted, and the doses even of these so small, that it is as easy and pleasant as drinking cold water, and children never make faces over it.

A third point in its favour to be noticed, is its cheapness. Homeopathic medicines put up in neat boxes can be had for a few rupees, and subsequent replenishing is equally cheap,—a dram (20 to 60 doses) of the common drugs costing only 1½ or 2 annas.

But it might be said that the cheapness, or sweetness of a medicine is of no use, if it be worthless and ineffective, and that if homeopathy can do no harm, it is because it can do no good. Theoretical arguments on this point are of little force; the only convincing argument is that of actual experience. I shall therefore mention here one or two of my own experiences. Last year my six-month old baby got a severe attack of diarrhœa. I called in three doctors (allopathic) in succession, and gave numerous remedies prescribed by them,—all to no purpose. The disease continued its course, the motions changed to green and then to slate colour, and the child was rapidly losing strength. Then, as a last resort, I persuaded my wife to try,— only for 24 hours,—a homeopathic remedy (chamomilla, 3). Within those 24 hours it produced such a marked improvement that she persevered with it, and the child was soon restored to health. Later on, she administered homeopathic remedies to her father when he was suffering from acute asthma, and was obtaining no relief from allopathic medicines. The result was very satisfactory;—the fits of suffocating cough yielded under the gentle but oft-repeated action of Arsenic and Ipecac. Since then my wife always keep a Homeopathic Family Chest and Guide Book with her in the home, and I am glad to say that it has saved many times its cost in doctor's fees, not to speak of anxiety and worry. These are the features that I would urge on the notice of the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, many of whom are mothers blessed with children. When the first symptoms of a disease are noticed, they are neglected, owing, in many cases, to the absence of medicines at home, the lack of knowledge as to what medicines should be given, or lack of means to call in a doctor and pay his bill for every trifling ailment. Alas, it often happens that what at the outset could easily have been checked grows, by neglect, into something so very serious, that entails so much suffering, trouble and expense; and sometimes, it carries off the innocent life in spite of all that could be done. But, if you have a chest of homeopathic medicines at home, and one or two reliable guide books, and common intelligence and watchfulness, it will help you to nip so many insidious attacks of disease in the bud, spare no end of anxiety, and save quite a decent sum annually from finding its way into the doctor's pockets.

I must declare here that I am no homeopathic faddist, nor do I believe that homeopathy will cure any and every diseases unfailingly. In some cases I am sure allopathic treatment is decidedly superior. Nor do I recommend the readers to make experiments on their children in any serious case of illness, instead of calling in a qualified medical man, and entrusting the case to him. But what I say is that there are so many common illnesses which are easily diagnosed, and which at the commencement are readily brought under control, but which, if allowed to have their course, often develop into serious maladies. It must also be borne in mind that children are particularly amenable to homeopathic treatment, as their systems are pure, tender, and unvitiated by tea, coffee, tobacco, alcohol, and other poisons that grown-up people indulge in; and therefore the small doses of homeopathy take effect on their systems more readily than on those of adults.

For the information of any reader who would like to give homeopathy a trial, I may add that homeopathic medicines and medicine chests and guide books can be obtained from Rev. Fr. Agg: Müller, Mangalore (South India), and Messrs. M. Bhattacharyya & Co., 11, Bonfield Lane, Calcutta, or other firms.

K. K. B.

Editorial Notes.

The Late Miss Manning.

We record with deep regret the death at London of Miss Elizabeth A. Manning, who was well known for her devoted labours in the cause of education and social progress in India. Though 77 years, she was "in harness" until the very end of her life; and, though in failing health for some time before her death, her interest in the cause nearest to her heart did not abate and she continued to carry on as usual a considerable amount of work. In her early years, Miss Manning was connected with educational work along with the late Miss Mary Carpenter, and was one of the founders of Girton College at Cambridge. She was much interested in the improvement of the lot of Indian women, and visited India twice with a view to enlist in that cause the interest of the leading Indians. For the last 35 years, she was connected with the National Indian Association of which she was the Honorary Secretary since the death of Miss Carpenter in 1877. She was also the editor of the official organ of the Association—the *Indian Magazine and Review*. She was a true friend of the Young Indians under training in England, and to them as well as other Indian visitors her house was always open. Her public services were recognised by Government two years ago, when she was decorated by His Majesty the King-Emperor. In her, India has lost a truly valuable friend and all over the country the news of her death will be received with universal sorrow. We hope to publish soon a full account of Miss Manning's life, with her photo.

Roosevelt on Woman's Rights.

Some time ago Lucas Malet contributed an article to the *Fortnightly Review* on the re-subjection of women. It was said that a strong re-action was going on in the West against some of what were called the inevitable results of the freedom of women and President Roosevelt was mentioned as one of those who advocated the subjection of women. The article was commented on in most of the Indian newspapers and the enemies of woman's progress took advantage of the opportunity to speak against the current system of female education. Every one of the critics spoke of Mr. Roosevelt and quoted what Lucas Malet had to say about him; but none cared to examine what really were the President's viewson the woman question. From the following, however, it would seem that far from being the advocate of the subjection of women, President Roosevelt is a warm supporter of equal suffrage:—

As a member of the New York Legislature, Mr. Roosevelt repeatedly voted for woman suffrage. As Governor of New York, he recommended it in his inaugural message to the Legislature; and in his public utterances he has again and again denounced the narrow old fashioned idea about women.

In his address before the National Congress of Mothers on March 12, 1905, he said:

"I do not in the least believe in the patient Griselda type of woman, the woman who submits to gross and long-continued ill treatment.. I believe in the woman's keeping her self-respect just as I believe in the man's doing so. I believe in her rights just as much as I believe in the man's, and indeed a little more."

In his address to the New York State Assembly of Mothers, on Oct. 18, 1899, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"The mother must be more than a cross between head-nurse and house keeper. She must have an interest in outside things to keep her own self-respect, and when she loses that self-respect, she loses the respect of her children. We know of a mother, good and kind, sacrificing herself to her children, who, through that sacrifice, has sacrificed her power of doing good. I wonder how many of you have read Mary E. Wilkin's 'Revolt of Mother'? You should read it, for it contains profound moral lessons." [This is the story of a woman whose husband had domineered over her for years, and who finally rebelled.]

Of the higher education, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"No family can become all it should be if the mother does not keep in touch sufficiently with outside interests and what is going on in the world to become an intellectual stimulus to her children. There are women who develop the intellectual side to the dwarfing of the womanly, but it is not necessary. I have noticed, in visiting women's colleges, the fine physical type—cultivation of the body not neglected in cultivation of the brain, and both not developed at the expense of the character."

As Police Commissioner of New York, Mr. Roosevelt enforced the penalties for disorderly conduct against men as well as women, instead of punishing the women and letting the men go, as had been the custom before his time. In his address to the New York mothers, he said:

"Character counts for more than money. Let mothers bring up their children to be clean in life, clean in thought, their sons as well as their daughters; let them inculcate courage in their daughters as well as in their sons." He urges mothers to teach their daughters "not only the softer and milder virtues, but also the stern and hardy qualities."

In addressing another organization of women, he said: "I do not know which I would sooner shoot, a man who abuses womanhood or a coward. I believe I would rather shoot a man that would take advantage of helpless women."

To the National Congress of Mothers he said: "No wrong-doing is so abhorrent as wrong doing by a man toward the wife and children, who should arouse every tender feeling in his nature. Selfishness toward them, lack of consideration for them, above all, brutality in any form toward them, should arouse the heartiest scorn and indignation in every upright soul."

Selection.

INDIAN WOMEN IN THE MEDICAL FIELD.

Many More Needed.

The following special article appears in the *Statesman*:—

It is a matter for profound regret that more Indian women do not enter upon a medical career in India. The obstacles are perhaps at first sight considerable. Notwithstanding, it is possible that if the conditions of entry into this profession were more widely known, more leisured women would avail themselves of their opportunities, and the final result would be that many of the existing disabilitieswould be removed and there would grow up what is so urgently needed—a body of competent medical women who could command at once the respect and the confidence of the Indian and European public. At present, a woman has at the outset a clear choice before her of four paths in the field of medicine:—(1) That of a *registered medical woman.* (2) That of a *locally qualified practitioner.* (3) That of a *certificated hospital assistant.* (4) That of a *dispenser, nurse, or midwife.* To the first class at present less than twenty Indian women belong, to the second about five times that number; perhaps seven times as many to the third, and still more to the last. These proportions speak for themselves, and although they are to some extent the natural outcome of the demand, yet the crying need cannot be too clearly emphasised of more, many more, Indian women in the first class. It will be convenient for the purposes of this article to consider the last class first and thence to pass to the higher qualifications.

Dispensers, Nurses, Midwives.

It is too well known now to be a matter of surprise to any one that the Dufferin Hospital scheme has not been a complete success. Indian women are very reluctant to leave their homes to enter a strange institution where they may be thrown into contact with low-caste and out-casted women, and where the personal attention of their near relatives is not available. Putting aside for the present any likely modification of the existing indoor arrangements at these hospitals, one would suggest that this difficulty can be partly met by an organisation of outdoor nurses and midwives such as is common in the West in connection with most large hospitals; and here obviously is the first opening for Indian women. The existing Dufferin institutions will afford at least one set of centres from which such invaluable aid can be sent out. There are the Lady Curzon scholarships, offered at first to induce the hereditary *dhai* class to submit themselves to some sort of scientific training, but now extended to any Indian woman who wish to acquaint themselves with the methods of modern midwifery. These scholarships, besides giving free board and lodging at some hospital, with practice in midwifery and nursing, sometimes allow a small monthly stipend for services rendered.

Now, as all that is necessary for this class is a knowledge of reading and writing in the vernacular or in English, it is clear that very many Indian women must be competent to take up this branch of labour, and it only remains to urge upon them the pressing need for volunteers to work, not only in the various hospitals at present established, but outside amongst the women in the districts surrounding such institutions. Even more insistently do we urge upon this class to enter upon the fuller training of a qualified nurse, for which from two to three years must be spent in hospital as against that of one year for a midwife. It is time that the Sairy Gamps of India gave place to Florence Nightingales. Further, there is a great demand for women dispensers to help in the women's hospitals. These, in Calcutta, are trained at the Campbell Hospital. Whether the contempt with which this entire class has hitherto been regarded is the cause or effect of incompetence is difficult to decide: the present duty of young India (feminine gender) is undoubtedly, by a just pride in a noble occupation which has been prepared for by a fuller training, to raise the standard of the individual and the class.

Hospital Assistants.

The Countess of Dufferin's Fund provides scholarships for promising learners, and such scholars in Calcutta are given either a four years' course at the Campbell Medical School or a five years' course at the Medical College of Bengal, and similarly for other centres. The Campbell Medical School receives any Indian girls who have completed their sixteenth year and have passed the seventh standard, and gives them a free education. Not only this, but ten-rupee scholarships are available, from which only Rs. 6-8 need be taken for board and laundry; the rest is pocket-money. Here, of course, all lectures are given in the vernacular, and the matron in charge of the hostel attached to the school is preferably an Indian woman. At the end of the course a certificate (W. L. M. S.) is given, which qualifies the holder as a *hospital assistant*, a career not without attraction to any one who has learned to love her profession. A hospital assistant's initial salary of Rs. 60 and upward may be enhanced by private attendances to Rs. 300 or Rs. 400. In mofussil stations this class has control of the women's wards, or even of small hospitals, where there is only the final supervision of the civil surgeon.

Locally Qualified Practitioners.

At the Medical College of Bengal the instruction is given in English. All students entering the College as regular "certificate students" are not charged any fees and are eligible for Government scholarships of Rs. 20. They live in the Surnomoyee Hostel, unless exceptional circumstances are pleaded for their residence with relatives in the neighbourhood. Indian women, moreover, may enter the Government Medical Colleges (at Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Agra and Lahore) as "regular students" for the University course. The preliminary requirement for the M. D. degree is the F. A. examination, which certainly need terrify no Indian woman of average ability. When, at the end of her fifth year, she has received the coveted qualification, there is open to her a much wider sphere of usefulness than before. She can now as a *locally qualified practitioner*, fill the post of house surgeon in any Dufferin hospital, and in many mofussil stations she will as superintendent have a monopoly of the medical attendance on the women of the district. The difference between "certificate students" and "regular students" is that the latter, at the end of their graduate course, can fill more responsible posts than the former.

The Goal.

Now there is left the final goal of professional ambition. After graduating at an Indian University in Medicine or Surgery, it is open to the graduate to supplement her Indian degree with one or more European diplomas. At Edinburgh, where account is taken of her University work in India, two years are often sufficient, but the London degree, which is undoubtedly the highest medical qualification, demands a five years' course. This diploma, added to her Indian degree, at once entitles a medical woman to be entered on the British Medical Register, as a registered medical woman, and as such she should hold the key to the best appointments in the country. It is not possible here to speak of the nature and extent of her post-graduate studies. As in the other three professional classes, the merest outline has been given of the necessary training and equipment. And, after all, the main points to be urged are the recognition of the low ebb at which the nursing and medical professions now stand and the imperious need that Indian women should exert themselves effectually to turn the tide.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

Mr. J. C. Dutt has given a contribution of Rs. 1,000 to establish an Industrial Association for Brahmo ladies.

—Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal has opened a Female Industrial School in her State to train females in self-supporting industries. Scholarships and stipends have been provided by the State Council.

—Miss E. S. Cornelius B.A., one of the five of the Indian Christian Women Graduates of the Madras University, has become assistant to Pandita Ramabai.

—Babu Shanker Lal, Editor of the *Abla Hitkarak*, has offered to pay Rs. 1,000 to any one who can prove that the re-marriage of virgin widows is not allowed by the Hindu Shastras; while the Virgin Widow Re-marriage Association, of Bijnor, has deputed four Pandits to hold discussions on the same subject with the learned Brahmins of Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore and Lucknow.

—Mr. A. Narasim Aiyangar, Honorary Secretary of the Mysore Devaraj Bahadur Charity, a Fund for the education of women, in submitting to the Dewan the Report on the Administration of the Fund, for the years 1903-04 and 1904-05, states that the most satisfactory feature of the period under review is the increasing measure of popularity which the cause of education of Hindu widows attained, as the result of encouragement

afforded by the Fund, and the widespread desire for education it has created in various parts of the State among this unfortunate and very conservative class of women. This increased demand for scholarships for widows has been very generously and liberally met by the sanction graciously accorded by His Highness the Maharajah for the utilisation of the whole of the proceeds of this Fund and by the institution of 30 State scholarships to widow pupils.

—We understand that Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the well-known Indian Poetess, whose verses have been appearing for nearly a decade in English and Indian periodicals, will issue in the near future a volume of her collected poems entitled "The Golden Threshold," through Messrs. Heinemann & Co. Mr. Arthur Simons will probably contribute a critical and biographical Introduction. The book is certain of a warm welcome from all lovers of poetry in India and at Home.

—It is, indeed, a laudable undertaking which has been taken in hand by Mrs. Herdevi Roshan Lal, Editor of the "Bharat Bhagni" of Lahore, inasmuch as she has started a movement known as "Nari Shilpalaya" or teachnical school for women. The inmates of this institution are to be Indian females, irrespective of caste or creed, and all of them will have to conform to the strictest privacy or *purdah*. The objects of the institution are to teach :—(*a*) reading and writing Nagri, Gurmukhi, and Urdu, as well as Arithmetic ;—(*b*) sewing with the hand as well as by machine all kinds of clothes, including measuring and cutting in all styles (*c*) lace work and embroidering with silver thread and ribbon of all kinds (*d*) phulkari work and embroidering on satin broad cloth &c., &c. with silk and cotton thread ; (*e*) knitting, carpetwork and embroidery in with wool in all its branches. No fee is to be charged for tuition and thus the *Nari Shilpalaya* is sure to attract a number of students. A house has already been secured free of rent and what is necessary is that rich and influential ladies should come forward to lend Mrs. Roshan Lal the pecuniary and moral support which she so richly deserves. Another laudable movement with which Mrs. Roshan Lal's name is associated is the *Sundari Asram*, a Home for 30 males and 30 females of over 60 years of age who have no means of support and whose respectability prevents them from public begging. The inmates will be fed and clothed while their health will be looked after and in the evening they will be entertained at Katha from religious books. We believe we owe it to the donor to mention that this institution has been founded with an endowment of Rs. 20,000 left by Mrs Roshan Lal's mother (widow of the late Rai Kanhya Lal Bahadur). We wish it all success.— *Amrita Bazaar Patrika.*

—A lecture was given before the Ladies' Branch of the National Indian Association, Bombay, last week, by Mr. John Gallace, C. I. E., on "The Bead and Seed Industry as an Industrial Employment for Women," the Meeting of the Association being held at the residence of H. H. the Begum of Janjira, Mazagon. In the course of an interesting paper, the lecturer said :—The Seed and Bead Industry had its origin in the Janjira State, fifty miles south of Bombay, where a holiday party, while shooting in the hill forests two year ago, came upon a giant creeper bearing pods of great size. A perfectly developed bean is heart-shaped, but exceedingly hard, and such was the interest of the party in the plant that the empty ice-box was filled with the ripe beans. Once back in Bombay, the beans remained in the ice-box, as no one seemed to know what to do with them, but at length a lady suggested that a few of them might be put on strings to serve as loops for the bead chicks in her dining room. The beans were duly drilled and spaced with a few rudraskshas to the satisfaction of the lady who fixed them in her doorways, and thus began the industry which has developed so satisfactorily in the hands of the Sisters of All Saints at Mazagon.

—The Teachers' Association of the U. P. has just completed its eighth conference, which was held in the Mary Wanamaker High School, Allahabad. Twelve girls' schools were represented, and about fifty principals and teachers were present. Visitors from Bengal, Central Provinces and Rajputana were also in attendance.

—A largely attended meeting was held in the Bombay Anjuman-i-Islam Hall on the evening of the 17th August, for the purpose of meeting Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk (Secretary of the Aligarh College), who is visiting Bombay with a small party from Aligarh in the hope of giving an impetus to the cause of female education. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice B. Tyabji presided. The Nawab, in an excellent speech, pointed out to the audience the necessity of female education and said the intellectual progress of the country depends entirely on the education of women. He appealed to the Muhamadans of Bombay to lend their moral and pecuniary support to the establishment of a Female Normal Training School at Aligarh. The school when it is in a position to realise the ideas of its founders will send forth, throughout the length and breadth of India, capable trained female teachers to impart, within the purdah, secular and religious training to the girls of respectable families. H. H. the Begum of Bhopal has already made a generous grant of Rs. 35,000 for the movement, and no doubt it will appeal to the wealth and intelligence of the citizens of

Bombay. After the Nawab had expounded the scheme, Maulvi Rafi-ud-din Ahmed, Barrister-at-Law, and once Urdu Tutor to H. M. the late Queen Victoria, spoke in warm support of the school and urged that the contemplated institution should receive every possible help from every Muhamadan quarter. Among those present were H. H. the Begum of Jinjirah and her sisters, with some twenty other ladies of high families.

—A meeting of the managing committee of the Bankipur Female School was held on the 11th August. Mr. P. C. Lyon presided. The meeting was called to consider the proposal of Government for opening a school for Bihari girls to be entirely managed by female teachers and the necessity for carrying on the present school with the aid of Government. We are glad to learn that Mr. Lyon expressed his full sympathy with the school as it now exists and said that even when the *zenana* school is started here, he will try his best to see that the Government grant is not withdrawn from the only school in Behar giving high education to females, though at present it is taken advantage of only by the Bengalees. It was also resolved to name the present school as the Bengalee Female High School.

Miss Alice Sorabji, who was studying in Bombay and London, has passed the Final Examination in Medicine for the degree of M. B. (London).

—A Special General Meeting of the members of the Madras Branch of the National Indian Association was held recently at the Senate House, with the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Benson in the Chair. There was considerable discussion with regard to the Gilchrist scholarships. The proposition consisted of two parts:—(1) To alter the existing rules which laid down that "scholarships shall be awarded to women who have already been trained for one year as teachers of the Lower Secondary Grade in the Madras Presidency Training School for Mistresses," so as to award the scholarship to women who had undergone training in any recognised school for Mistresses in the Madras Presidency, and (2) to make it compulsory on the women soliciting scholarships to take up one of the local vernaculars, Tamil or Telugu. The first part of the proposition was carried, but in regard to the second, it was pointed out that there were difficulties in the way. And, after some further discussion, the proposition was put to the meeting, and lost.

—On the 8th July 1905 the following two widow marriages took place at Meerut with great pomp under the auspices of local *Nari Sabha and Nari Sudhar Sabha*:—

(1) Shrimati Knazanoo Devi, aged 19 years daughter of Pandit Umed Singh, Goud Brahman resident of Dhakava Tahsil, Bhaggpat Dt., Meerut, was married to P. Fakir Chand, aged 22 years, son of Pandit Anoop Singh, resident of Joharpur, Dt., Dehradun; and (2) Shrimati Krishn Piyari, aged 20 years, daughter of L. Kidar Nath Agrawal of Meerut, to L. Devi Prasada, aged 24 years, son of Lala Thakur Prasada of Fyzabad.

On the 7th July, 1905, at Saharanpur the marriage of the daughter of B. Purushotam Das Khatri Seth 4 ghar of Agra, to L. Har Prasada Lahori Khatri Mohra $2\frac{1}{2}$ ghar, aged 35 years and brother of Lala Keval Ram, resident of Saharangan, was conducted by Pandit Jagdish Prasada and Pandit Mahi Lal on the old Puranic system.

On 21st July 1905, at Bijnor, the marriage of a Kankubj Brahmin-widow aged 19 years, of Serjanpur to Pandit Naunhoo Mal, aged 28 years.

—On Saturday, the 8th July last, a widow-marriage was celebrated at Tekkali in the goldsmith community. This is the second marriage of the kind in this community and the first re-marriage ever celebrated in the district. The bridegroom, K. Ramamoorty, about 25 years of age, is a good workman of Chitrapore. The bride, Sreemati Venkataramanamma of 18 summers belongs to a respectable family of Tenali in the Guntur District.

—Under the auspices of the Widow Remarriage Association, Lahore, a widow marriage was celebrated on the 20th July. The bridegroom came from the Jullunder District and the bride from the Kangra District. Both are Khatris of high caste and respectable family.

—The anniversaries of the death of Pandit Vidyasagar and Karsondas Mulji as well as of the passing of Widow Marriage Act have been celebrated in several towns as social reform festivals since last year. (1) On the 25th of July last, a crowded meeting of all classes of people was held in the hall of the Prarthana Samaj, Bombay, under the presidency of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Chandravarkar. (2) The same events were celebrated on the same day in Ahmedabad at the Bholanath Sarabhai Literary Institute for Women under the auspices of the Widow Remarriage Association and the Gujerat Social Reform Association. (3) A similar gathering was at the same time held at Poona. (4) At Nagpoor the occasion was celebrated at the instance of Rao Bahadur Waman Rao Kolhatkar. (5) Rajahmandry held a successful meeting on the 30th July, under the auspices of the local Social Reform Association. Mr. R. Venketaratnam Naidu, M.A., L.T., was in the

chair and Rao Bahadur K. Viresalingam Pantulu and Babu Hem Chandra Sircar (editor of the *Indian Messenger*, Calcutta) spoke on Vidyasagar in relation to the female emancipation movement. (6) At Calcutta a largely attended meeting was held at the City College Hall. Babu Narendra Nath Sen presided.

—The Rajahmandry correspondent of the *Madras Standard* writes:—Rao Bahadur K. Viresalingan Pantulu has purchased a garden with buildings in it measuring about 21 acres in extent for the Widows' Home and Zenana work and also removed to the new quarters with all his things. The garden is close to the old toll-gate on the Jail Road and opposite to the Lower Secondary Girls' School and is under the management of Miss Schadie.

—A Girls' Association has been formed at Kulathoor (Trivandrum) under the auspices of the Brahma Nishta Matom Chil Sabha. The members composing it are mainly girls studying in the Sanskrit School started nine months ago by Swami Sadananda and attached to the said Matam. The school is in a very efficient state and that is greatly due to the energetic efforts of Mr. Sankarakutti Menon, a blind man but—wonderful it is—a profound Sanskrit scholar of unquestionable merits.

—The Bengal Social Reform Association has been formed with Babu Norendra Nath Ten as President. The public of Vizagapatam met in their Town Hall and also formed the District Social Reform Association. The seventh Kristna District Social Conference was held at Narasarowpeta with Mr. R. Venketaratnam Naidu, M.A., L.T., in the chair. The proceedings were all conducted in Telugu.

—In honour of the visit of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the Indian ladies of some of the highest families in Calcutta, who had never come out from the sacred precincts of the zenana before, will personally welcome their Royal Highnesses, and take part in the ceremonial. Another unique feature of the demonstration will be that ceremonies will be observed which were performed on occasions of Royal Receptions in ancient India during Hindu and Muhamadan periods.

—For the inspection of Girls' Schools, the Punjab has been divided into an Eastern and a Western Circle. The Western Circle, in charge of Miss Francis, will embrace the districts of Lahore, Amritsar, Sialkote, Gujranwala, Montgomery, Muzaffargarh, Multan, Dera Ghazi Khan, Jhang, Lyallpur, Mianwali, Shahpur, Jhelum, Gujrat, Rawalpindi and Attock. The rest of the province will form the Circle in charge of Miss Sime.

News and Notes.

Tufts College has honored itself this year by conferring the honorary degree of LL. D upon President Caroline Hazard of Wellesley College.

—The London University has conferred the degree of D. Sc. in Chemistry to Miss Ida Smedley for a thesis entitled, "The Benzyl-aniline Sulphoric Acids, their behaviour on Bromination and Nitration."

—Margaret Beaufort (the mother of Henry VII) was the real foundress of Christ's College, Cambridge, which celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of its foundation on the 4th of July last. The College owes to her its statutes, its revenues, as well as its chief buildings.

—At a meeting of the Senate of the Dublin University held on the 6th of July in the Trinity College examination hall, degrees, *honoris causa*, were conferred as follows:—

LL.D.—Mrs. Margaret Byers; and Miss Henriett.. White, Principal of Alexandra College, Dublin.

—In connection with the Royal visit to Calcutta there will be one unique feature in the Reception. In honour of the visit of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, Indian ladies of some of the highest families, who have never come out from the sacred precincts of the zenana before, will personally welcome Her Royal Highness, and take part in the ceremonial.

—Miss Edith W. Peck, who was graduated in June from the Law School of Boston University, is the daughter of the judge. She has always been one of

the best scholars in her class. In a social way she has been prominent, and was a member of several law school clubs. It is said that she will enter the law office of her father in Cincinnati, Ohio, and attend to an office practice.

—During the last year, the number of girls' schools in the Mysore State was 243, with an attendance of 12,342 pupils. The total number of girls under instruction was 16,401, as against 16,786 in 1902-03, the fall being, as stated, due to the prevalence of plague. The total expenditure on female education during the year amounted to Rs. 1,78,280, as against Rs. 1,64,662 in the previous year.

—Those interested in the blind will be glad to know that the National Lending Library for the Blind, an institution of which Princess Louise is the Patron, has recently extended its operations to India. Subscribers can now obtain four books per month of Braille or Moon type at the same rates as in England. The Seretary is Miss Copinger, 125, Queens Road, Bayswater, W.

—Dr. Florence R. Sabin has been promoted to the post of associate professor of Anatomy in John Hopkins University, Baltimore. She has been connected with the department of Anatomy in the medical school of the University since her graduation in 1900. She took the degree of bachelor of science at Smith in 1893, and was assistant in zoology in that college from 1895 to 1896, when she came to the John Hopkins Medical School, graduating four years later. She is an authority on nervous troubles.

—The German Crown Prince took a recent opportunity to state the aims which will guide the future public life of himself and the Crown Princess. He said:—"I hope that God will preserve my father to me for a very long time to come. My wife and I have resolved to devote ourselves to the welfare of the people, to the care of the sick, to religion and education, and to science and the fine arts. We wish to learn and to extend our sphere of knowledge so that, later, we may be in a position to judge and give suggestions. We shall be grateful to any one who will help us to attain our object."

—The women in Korea, says *Ost Asien*, of Berilin, do not get any name. A Japanese who had lived in Korea for three years was surprised never to have heard a female name during the entire time. He made enquiries about this of a Korean, who in return expressed his great surprise at the fact that women in other lands were honoured to the extent of getting names. In Korea only the women of the highest nobility have names, the others are called No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, &c. The married women of the higher classes observe the strictest *purdah*. They not only live separated from all association with men, but with women as well—excepting those of their immediate family—and are therefore not so much in need of a name as the women of other countries. When in Korea a child is born, no notice of the event is given to the authorities. From this one may form an idea how difficult it is to accomplish a census there. The number of the population is simply a matter of conjecture.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for August, 1905.

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